

Naked Lollipop Candy *Albert Goldman*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Republican Feebles

What Barry Did to the GOP

Murray Kempton

Supreme Court Fissures

Alexander M. Bickel

Cuba

Edwin Tetlow

Cyprus

Barbara Cornwall

T.R.B.

from
Washington

Summer of Decision

★ This is a revolutionary summer. Let's count the ways. The first Southern filibuster in history over civil rights is broken. The first civil rights bill since Reconstruction is passed.

Again, the Supreme Court has ruled that rotten-borough apportionment of rural-dominated state legislatures must end: it means a subdued political upheaval throughout the land.

That isn't all. On the financial front the country is prosperous; the new economics is taking hold. The revolutionary experiment of piling a new tax-cut deficit on a previous deficit, to move toward full employment, is working out without inflationary excesses. It is still an experiment but it looks successful.

These three things are, we repeat, in a real sense revolutionary. They set landmarks that people will look back to.

Interconnected with them are two other features of this summer of decision. The Negro Revolution is now so visible that even the most obtuse can see it, and so successful that it is producing a white counter-revolution. In the rest of the world, colonies have revolted against imperialism; in the USA the colony is right inside the country itself. We are seeing a big anti-imperialist social revolt here, a revolt bitter and possibly brutal, but which can only end one way.

And in this summer of decision we are seeing a political revolution, too; it is the Goldwater revolution which, if successful, will alter politics for a generation. If it succeeds, as now seems likely, the Republican Party will be in new hands and we will see something we hadn't believed possible, that the

radical right can capture a great American party.

A lot of people shrug and say, "So what? - Goldwater can't beat Johnson." We don't think he can either, though we don't think the enormous pre-convention odds that the Gallup poll gives (Johnson 77 percent; Goldwater 18 percent; undecided five percent) have much connection with reality. Once a party finally picks a candidate, even Goldwater, the odds go lower; it isn't Mr. Johnson against the field any longer, but against Mr. Somebody. We expect to see stories promptly about the Johnson odds sinking.

The point we make is that Goldwater's mere nomination is a disaster. We think Walter Lippmann has been particularly good about this in connection with civil rights. Goldwater thinks the civil rights bill "unconstitutional," and enforcement possible only in "a police state." This makes him automatically the segregationist leader. That a great political party should nominate him in these circumstances justifies and encourages every resister in the land. To write a "strong" civil rights plank and then nominate Goldwater would set a landmark for political hypocrisy even in this country. Just 100 years ago Lincoln thought he would be defeated for re-election. What the GOP proposes to do today is to oust Lincoln, who created their party, and substitute Vallandigham, the copperhead who, during the Civil War, conducted a campaign for "peace and reunion" from Canada.

Forty States

★ We mentioned the Supreme Court apportionment victory above. It is estimated that 40 states will have to reapportion rural-biased state legislatures as a result. Here's an example. Rural Schuyler County, New York (population 15,000), at present elects one assemblyman; so does the urban fourth district of Nassau County (population 200,000). In Nevada, eight percent of the voters can elect a majority of the state senate. In Michigan, liberal Governor Mennen Williams was elected for six consecutive times, but the state legislature was so rigged for farm districts that the Democrats never once

had control of either house.

This is a great reform. But conservatives will take it away from us if we are not careful. The method proposed is by constitutional amendment, setting aside the Court's ruling. Already the Texas lieutenant governor has mailed repeal petitions to the other 49 states. GOP Congressional leaders Dirksen and Halleck announce that they will take the lead in such an effort. The irony is that if Congress once initiates such an amendment (by two-thirds vote) the state legislatures are asked to ratify it: the very ones with most at stake. They would be judges sitting on their own case! Approval by three-quarters of the state legislatures is required. We fancy it would shoot through the state legislatures; the place to block it is in Congress, at the start.

Restaurateur

★ A national magazine published an article extolling Walter Knott, who runs a \$15 million-a-year restaurant outside Los Angeles (Knott's Berry Farm), plus a free enterprise anti-Communism outfit (California Free Enterprise Association). Let's examine the man. The magazine's own story says the government asked Knott to pay it \$60,000 in back taxes because his right-wing propaganda operation wasn't part of his restaurant. Now he has moved that to become a branch of the tax-free Americanism Educational League. The League is run by Dr. John R. Lechner, right-wing critic of the Supreme Court, UN, Foreign Policy Association, and the like. Lechner's on the speakers' list of a bureau run by the John Birch Society. H. L. Hunt's *Life Line* put out a Lechner reprint, "The Meaning of Our Flag," recently in red, white and blue.

To return to the magazine's hero, Knott is a big contributor and active joiner of right-wing causes. Though not listed as a Birchite, he contributed to the 1962 candidacies of two Birchites for Congress in California. He's on the advisory board of Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. (Hargis endorses the Birchites.) Knott is also treasurer of the chief outfit seeking repeal of the income tax. And he's a Goldwater delegate to the GOP convention.

CONTENTS

THE WEEK - Sukarno the
Strong; End the Draft and
Pay the Soldiers 3

The GOP Disestablishment -
Murray Kempton 5
Cyprus: It Might Be Another Cuba -
Barbara Cornwall 8
Cuba: Why Castro Is Feeling Stronger -
Edwin Tetlow 9
Crazy Like an Uncut Excise
Tax - Milton Viorst 10
To the Rescue of the Marine -
James Ridgeway 12
We Will Overcome - Robert Coles 13
We Want Wallace - Tom Coffman 14
Supreme Court Fissures -
Alexander M. Bickel 15

BOOKS - Reviews by Albert Goldman,
Charles Burton Marshall, John Luskin,
Alan Levy, Murray Polner 17
RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 26
CORRESPONDENCE 30

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Sukarno the Strong

This month, unless by then his country is at war with Indonesia, Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra Al-Haj, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, will be in Washington talking to President Johnson. The situation he wants to talk about constitutes one of those farces of foreign policy that only the Pentagon, the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency and the mental giants on both sides of the Cold War know how to stage. Briefly, the US and Russia have been giving military aid to President Sukarno of Indonesia, in endeavors to separate him from Indonesia's 2-million-strong Communist Party, which happens to be oriented not toward Moscow but toward Peking. In this race between the US and Russia to please Sukarno, the Russians seem to be at least temporarily ahead: the Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, Anastas Mikoyan, has just promised Indonesia still more modern weapons, although Indonesia has already defaulted on even the nominal interest on the previous Russian arms "loan" of \$1,200 million. But actually it is Sukarno who comes off best, and without even having to pay the price of forfeiting the support of his country's Communists. Sukarno, thanks to American and Russian military aid, now boasts of having the strongest army, navy and air force in all of Southeast Asia, which he gaily proposes to use to crush Malaysia, a pro-Western country with democratic institutions. The Communists in Indonesia are quite happy for him to have the arms, as they don't like Malaysia either; but during Mikoyan's visit they went out of their way to give the Russian the cold shoulder, in order to demonstrate their loyalty to Peking and their abhorrence of Khrushchev.

Thus, the end result of American and Russian wooing of Sukarno may turn out to be the conquest of Malaysia, without this sacrifice doing anything whatsoever to prevent Indonesia itself succumbing to the Communists, once the erosion of Indonesia's economy by Sukarno's misrule has created sufficient mass misery among the Indonesian people to turn them in that direction. The British and Australians fear this. It is what the Tunku will tell President Johnson. But in the meantime, Malaysia is under considerable temptation to strike first, instead of waiting meekly to be attacked. Indonesian guerrillas already operate in Borneo, in territory belonging to Malaysia that Sukarno claims is his. The Indonesian military camps containing the guerrillas are sitting ducks for a Malaysian attack. So far Sukarno, like Nasser of Egypt, has won his victories by brandishing his arms but using only his mouth: the Malaysians are perhaps becoming frus-

trated enough to think of putting his vaunted military might to the test.

They would rather take their case to the United Nations, which formally upheld their claim to the territory Sukarno insists he intends to grab. But here is where the farce picks up strength again; once more, it is the West as well as Russia that blocks Malaysia. The Russians have a veto in the Security Council; but the US and Britain also fear the big battalions of the General Assembly. They want to have those big battalions on the West's side, or at any rate not ranged against it, in the current ideological tussle for the world; and they are frightened that in a showdown Sukarno might manage to rally a majority of Afro-Asians to his side, with his loud parrot screeches of "anti-colonialism." Finally, the US would probably rather not have the General Assembly summoned, at least not before November, to avoid trouble with the Soviet Union over the UN dues issue. Everyone is trying to brush Malaysia under the rug; will President Johnson show Sukarno where he gets off by giving the Tunku the red carpet?

End the Draft and Pay the Soldiers

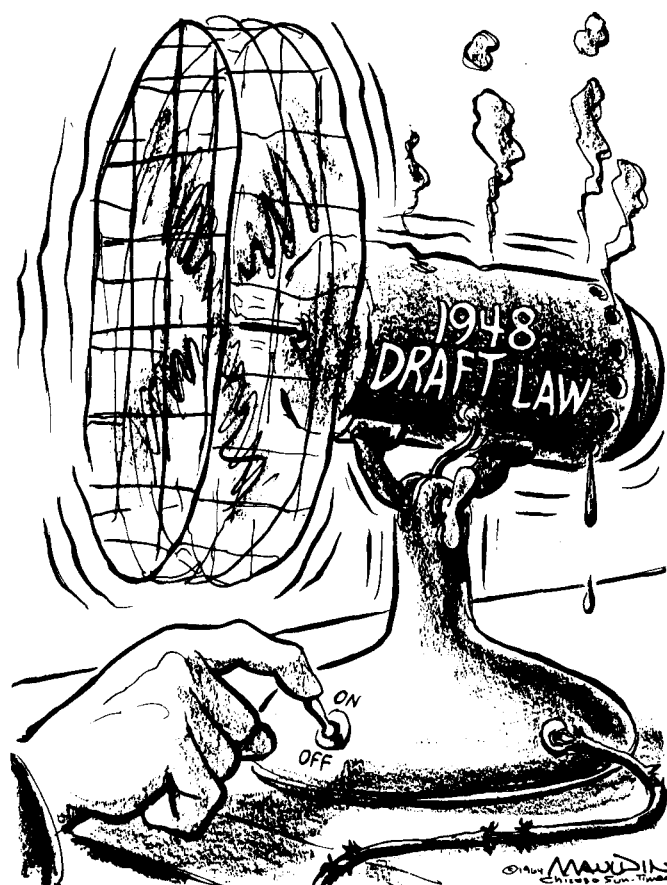
Any way you look at it, the draft system is stupid. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin last week gave the Senate enough information to show that this rusting hunk of machinery is a costly, inefficient and unnecessary means of staffing the armed services. He wants the Defense Department to present an alternative plan to the draft, by 1965, so that Congress can do away with Selective Service when its legislative mandate runs out in 1967. And he is not alone; already the Administration is beginning to study the draft with the idea of abandoning it and meeting defense requirements through volunteers.

By 1967 there will be 12.4 million men eligible for military service and the Defense Department estimates that only 590,000 will be needed each year for active and reserve duty in all services. The major rationale for continuing Selective Service — which now takes about 90,000 men each year — is that threat of the draft makes other men enlist. Studies by the Defense Department, however, refute this. More than 60 percent of the men who enlist do so, they say, because they really want to join the armed services, not because they want to beat the draft board. The Army attracts some people because they like the adventure of it, but increasingly it offers job training — and a job — to many young people who are awash in the overflowing labor market.

And it is a pretty appalling job at that. A private entering the United States Army draws \$78 in pay each

month. By contrast, in Canada a private starts at \$112 a month; with specialized skills he can make \$202 a month. Low pay in our armed forces has reached such proportions that 5,000 members of the Air Force have applied for relief to support their families; 70,000 men are moonlighting to provide for their families, and tens of thousands of others take care of families on less than \$3,000 a year. Under these circumstances it is surprising that so many people volunteer to join the armed services; it is probably one more indication of just how scarce jobs really are. The Congress raised pay scales in the armed services recently, but it did not increase base wage scales. If it wants to increase the level of volunteers, so that volunteers might take the place of the men who are now drafted, it might try offering a subsistence wage.

From the standpoint of saving the government money and building a more efficient fighting force, it is far more sensible to train a volunteer than a draftee. He costs the government \$912 a year less and he stays on longer. And if a volunteer re-enlists for a second three-year hitch, he saves the government more than \$7,000 in enlistment, training and transportation costs. These savings would offset the pay increase in a voluntary system. Officers graduated from service academies also stay longer. Eighty-five percent of them re-



LBJ Pulls Another Switch

enlist, but at the present time they account for only 10 percent of all officers. Most of the rest come up through officer training programs, and then they usually depart after one hitch. Why not enlarge the service academies?

Senator Nelson says that many of our enlistment standards were established mainly to keep back the flow of volunteers. In the Korean War we rejected one-quarter of volunteers and draftees. Today we reject one-third. Must we set the same standards for all men accepted into service? Nelson asks: "Does a clerk in a Washington procurement agency need the same physical abilities as a front line rifleman? Does a cook need the same education and training as a radar technician? Should a radio repairman be barred from service if he

is not quite tall enough or is overweight or underweight? Would any businessman expect all his employees to meet the same mental and physical standards?"

There is ample wartime experience to show that illiterates and poorly-educated men make fine soldiers. The Defense Department already has plans for training poorly-educated men in the event of a national emergency. General Hershey, director of the Selective Service System, says he receives a volume of mail that indicates to him that "young men not qualified for military service really want to serve."

The Administration talks about its war on poverty. The Department of Defense needs men to fill jobs and it is equipped to train them. Why not use it as a weapon in the poverty war?

The GOP Disestablishment

by Murray Kempton

Barry Goldwater opened the last month of his wait for the Republican nomination by allowing his son-in-law-elect to throw him into the family swimming pool. In theory he embodies all our stern and unfashionable principles; by nature, he defers to all our slack and modern heresies, of which the most pervasive is the notion that Father Knows Least.

In the same meek spirit, Goldwater seems to have accepted the dictate of his advisers that he speak no more in public until he proclaims his triumph at the Republican convention. It seemed sound policy; no public utterance except one of his own seemed likely to disturb the private compact he seems to have with most of the delegates. But his silence had in it a curious note of early weariness with the condition that his apparent seizure of his party had made him for the first time in his life an object of personal rancor; his is not a disposition easily to suffer the knowledge that he is disliked. "He's had it," an aide said. That is an odd description of a leader whose followers so plainly thirst for battle, but it does rather place Goldwater in the mainstream of Republican thought.

For the mainstream Republicans, with a few exceptions, have had it. Governor Scranton fights on more and more, as his upbringing commands, from duty rather than desire. He began uplifted by his receptions in Maryland and Massachusetts; but by the end of June, the indifference of Illinois and Georgia had al-

ready reduced him to an heroically-enduring *politesse*. Less and less did he talk about what *he* has against Goldwater and more and more about what the polls seem to show that the *public* has against Goldwater. He had stopped complaining about how things are and could warn only against how they look. The harshness of his first assault was so muted that Goldwater's managers forgot their original outrage to talk again about Scranton as a Vice Presidential candidate.

Still he is doing what has been asked of him and is the only one of the Republican Feebles even to dare call himself Sir Forcible. The Goldwater nomination would have at least the advantage of being one of those moments of cruel illumination when we look at an American institution which we had thought was always there and in whose place we now see only the hole into which it has disappeared.

We have lived a long time with two Republican establishments, one dug in on the Atlantic Coast, the other on the shores of Lake Michigan. Dewey represented the first and Taft the second; however liberal prejudice might have judged their difference in enlightenment, the Taft establishment felt no less responsible to its party than the Dewey establishment did. Even now, Goldwater touches the Taft amateurs but not the Taft professionals. If either establishment still existed, both might unite behind Scranton.

Everett Dirksen is custodian of the Taft faith and the

Taft tradition in the Senate. It is a tradition whose finest expression is distaste for nonsense and disorder. Dirksen's famous speech against Dewey-Eisenhower at the 1952 Republican convention was in essence a warning against the politics which exalts the amateur moralist against the professional legislator, and Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, was not untypical of the majority of delegates who did not accept that message because they did not understand it. And in his historic denunciation of Goldwater's position on the civil rights bill last month, Dirksen was again the professional, to whom legislation is a process, mustering his scorn against the amateur to whom legislation is only a posture. But now Dirksen must go to the Republican convention as chairman of the Illinois delegation and put Barry Goldwater's name in nomination. If he has to advance a candidate who thinks of government as a proclamation rather than a process, Dirksen can be consoled by his practical sense that Barry Goldwater is unlikely to have much to do with government anyway.

The state of the Dewey establishment is best reflected in the state of Mr. Dewey himself. He has committed himself to Scranton but remains in the background. That is a necessity; the myth of the Eastern Republican establishment demands that someone be in the shadows to represent great sinister force, and Dewey is the only figure available. The Taft establishment never confronted Dewey without desecrating in the murk behind him shadows from Wall Street and the international finance conspiracy. But all those shadows have fled—too many of them to Mr. Johnson; Dewey must stand in their place, because there are no shadows left behind *him*.

Rough Justice

Circumstances have inflicted a rough justice on both establishments. Goldwater employs, in parody, the rhetoric which Taft brought to the 1952 Republican convention and he has profited, in excess, from the technique which Dewey used to win it for Eisenhower. Dewey stirred up the amateurs to seize the Texas Republican Party from the professionals and leave it forever non-purchasable; those amateurs, of course, run a Texas Goldwater party now. The Goldwater forces seem in fact to have captured a number of state conventions with the device of mass amateur influx which Dewey and Henry Cabot Lodge used to seize so many Southern states from Taft in 1952. A mountain state Republican Senator, who had assumed that he would be his delegation's favorite son, was shocked to find that his state convention had elected a Goldwater delegate slate. "There were people at the convention," he said, "that I've never seen before."

Ambassador Lodge has returned, of course, talking

about Goldwater in language which the Ambassador to the United Nations often used on Sobolov but which the Republican candidate for Vice President certainly never used on John F. Kennedy. Some of this hauteur is Lodge's native style but a good deal of it represented the misapprehension of a politician who left as a paladin of an establishment which, while he was gone, had been seized, pillaged and left with hardly the trace of its ruins.

Lodge would not say whether he would support Goldwater after the nomination. He flew home then to trail behind Mr. Johnson and be introduced by the Democratic candidate to his first press conference since his return. Back home he moderated his tone, but there remain hints that Lodge might bolt outright if Goldwater is nominated. Milton Eisenhower has already indicated that, in such juncture, he will vote for Lyndon Johnson. Lodge says he has lost all lust for office; if Milton Eisenhower ever had any, it would depend on his brother; and by now he must know how much help anyone, even a brother, can expect from Eisenhower.

But even Governor Rockefeller is surprisingly stubborn in his private refusal to say that he would endorse a Goldwater ticket. Rockefeller, unlike Lodge or Milton Eisenhower, must still hope to be President; and it is an iron rule of our party system that any politician who bolts his party's Presidential candidate thereafter abandons any hope of national office. The Democrats have always been disorderly; but the Southerners who deserted President Truman and Adlai Stevenson were sectional rather than national politicians. Bold as Rockefeller is, the mere suggestion that a figure of his scope and ambition might support a Democrat indicates how extraordinary an effect a Goldwater nomination would have on the Republican Party's history.

The mere prospect of his candidacy seems already in fact to have brought a change in our political institutions not too much less profound than and almost directly opposite to the one Goldwater intended. The probability is that what will some day seem historic to us about this summer will not be the private agony of the Republican Party but the public consensus which has formed around Lyndon Johnson.

While Governor Scranton worked a Republican ground all but abandoned to Goldwater, Mr. Johnson was guest at a pre-campaign dinner where executives of Ford and General Motors struggled with equal enthusiasm to push Walter Reuther further below the salt. There was a time, of course, when the conservative faction of Michigan Republicanism was General Motors and the liberal faction was Ford. And one reason why Scranton cannot rouse either the Taft school or the Dewey school to his rescue is that so many students of each have been graduated to Mr. Johnson.

It would, of course, be ridiculous to say that a poli-

tician who is the nominee of a major political party has no chance whatever to be elected. But a good many sophisticated Republican politicians think Goldwater has no chance and are grateful that he hasn't. Their judgment of him as a candidate may be wrong; but the mere fact of their believing it has an imposing historic effect.

This summer, for example, may be the most effective of Mr. Johnson's tenure, and he may be able to do more to control his legislature as a candidate most Congressmen think is certain to be re-elected than he could even after the most sweeping victory.

Near the end of June, the House of Representatives passed a bill to give federal subsidies to the beleagued transit lines in the big cities. It was a complicated and esoteric piece of legislation and handicapped by the indifference of rural Congressmen to the sufferings of urban commuters. The utmost cajolery and blackmail was not enough to keep 61 Southern Democrats from voting against it. The Administration had not hoped to pass the bill by more than three votes; it won instead by 23, because 35 Republicans gave their votes to Mr. Johnson. The closer Goldwater gets to the nomination, the larger grows that strange new force in Congress, the Johnsonian Republicans, who are so moved by fear of losing their seats from too close identification with the Republican candidate that they seem set to spend the summer buying themselves insurance by giving a Democratic President their votes in the House. This summer that President will call his legislature back into session in a campaign period and press it to pass the bills he wants, to assure the voters that he keeps his promises. And the Congress seems likely to hand him this handsomest present any candidate could want by grace of votes from its opposition party.

Passman's Humiliation

Mr. Johnson might go on to lose the election and still be able to remember that he was the first President to control the House of Representatives since Calvin Coolidge. The House has always been remarkably insulated against any President's claim to represent the national will. Any Congressman who keeps his seat long enough to assume control of a particular legislative bridge can collect his toll even from the most popular President. It is barely two years since Mr. Kennedy telephoned the late Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, to cry his mercy on certain Administration money bills and Cannon refused to accept the call. Representative Cannon was the largest of the great bulls of the House; another was Otto Passman, chairman of the foreign aid appropriations subcommittee; it was Passman's sport to torment any President, whatever his party, and his

pride to cut 30 percent off any foreign aid budget whatever its size.

This year the Administration cut its foreign aid budget to a minimum and determined to deny Passman the pleasure of further cuts. Mr. Johnson had certain advantages; Clarence Cannon, Passman's great shield, was dead, and had been replaced by Representative Mahon of Texas, a Johnsonian. But Passman had his resources too; the House Republican leadership pledged itself faithful to its habit of assisting him in mischief. But even so the Administration beat him in committee and won approval for all the foreign aid funds it wanted. The President was, of course, the author of most of Passman's humiliation. His aides exercised prodigies of force on Democratic committee members. One of his victims explained to Hale Boggs, the House Democratic whip, that if he had to choose to vote with Passman or Appropriations Chairman Mahon, he would vote with Passman. "You are not," said Boggs softly, "choosing between Passman and Mahon." But all these lashings would have done no good if Representative Conte, a Massachusetts Republican, had not defected to Mr. Johnson's side. Conte is a liberal and for foreign aid, still few Republicans like to affront Minority Leader Charles Halleck on a party issue. But this happens to be a summer when few Eastern Republicans like to affront Mr. Johnson either.

For the first time then, thanks to Republicans appalled by Goldwater, an American President moves to tame the bulls in his House of Representatives. And that is the last arena to be tamed. Mr. Johnson emerges this summer as commander of our only surviving political establishment. He can claim then to be representative of a national consensus, and Senator Goldwater will be the candidate of only that part of the nation which opposes that consensus not only in general but in every detail. It is hard to think of such a candidacy as any but a losing one; its most likely permanent effect is what we begin to see now, the end for a time of all effective opposition and the triumph of government of national unity.

That is a situation where the Republicans cannot create and the Democrats have no need to create except from some surviving aesthetic impulse. The center has been abandoned to Mr. Johnson. He can win his battles henceforth as he won his battle with Passman, that is, by cutting the foreign aid program so deep that only unreconciledly partisan or the consumedly obsessed could oppose him. The plain effect of Goldwater's candidacy so far is to tend us toward a Republican Party split between those who are isolated in the all-embracing "No" and those who prosper through accommodation with the Democratic establishment. Goldwater's election is an unlikely disaster; but this more plausible prospect is not all that attractive either.

CYPRUS: *It Might Be Another Cuba*

by Barbara Cornwall

Nicosia

President Johnson by offering American mediation to Turkey and Greece, in their quarrel over the Mediterranean island of Cyprus, hoped to prevent a possible war between two countries that are both members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. He also hoped to prevent Cyprus becoming, under the presidency of Archbishop Makarios and through the seduction of Soviet arms, a kind of Mediterranean Cuba. But the only way to prevent the latter, if not the former, may be to see Makarios being nudged aside by a stalwart anti-Communist who is backed by fanatical right-wingers – the former guerrilla leader General George Grivas, who, it is suspected, aspires to become dictator not just of Cyprus, but of Greece.

The tough little Greek general slipped secretly into Cyprus at an isolated bay last month, then into austere lodgings at a lonely monastery near Nicosia, the capital. Ostensibly delighted by this long-threatened visit by General Grivas, his colleague from the old days of fighting the British, President Makarios was in reality unenthused.

For four years Grivas led the underground war against Britain and against the Turkish Cypriots. He never approved the terms of the London Agreement which gave Cyprus her independence and which Makarios signed but now wants to scrap. And he never approved of Makarios' comparative moderation.

Living frustrated in Athens since he made an abortive attempt to win the Greek premiership, Grivas found his feet again as an adviser to the Greek General Staff when civil war between Greek and Turkish Cypriots erupted last winter. He saw a chance to revive his flagging political future by visiting Cyprus. The visit was supposed to be kept secret, but Grivas suddenly popped out of hiding to urge Greek Cypriots, over the government radio station, to accept nothing less than either union with Greece or full independence, neither of which the island's 18 percent minority of Turkish Cypriots are prepared to accept. His first public appearance occurred immediately after President Johnson began talks in Washington with Turkish and Greek Premiers Ismet Inonu and George Papandreou in a vain effort to find some common ground for negotiating peace between their communities in Cyprus.

Makarios is prepared to offer iron-clad guarantees of Turkish Cypriot minority rights and a permanent international committee to guard this minority's inter-

ests. The Turkish Cypriot leader, Dr. Fazil Kuchuk, who is Vice President of Cyprus, says that the only guarantee the minority can consider is partition of Cyprus, or a form of confederation with a weak central government and strong communal administration on the local level. Union with Greece is out, he says, as is any proposal for exchange of populations.

He insists that Turkish Cypriots can make no real concessions because "recent events have shown that Greeks bear very great hatred against Turks and are bent on exterminating them, using the smallest pretext as an excuse to launch a genocide attack to achieve their aims. Turks cannot feel secure unless they are separated from Greeks."

The Greek Cypriots say that Makarios has no intention of discussing either partition or confederation, and that Inonu should compel the Turkish Cypriots to give way, since they quickly fall into line with Ankara decisions. The Greeks also argue that the Turks in Turkey are more concerned with their own chronic economic crisis than with the Cyprus problem, and that the US ought to offer Turkey economic aid as the price of the Turks eventually acquiescing in the union of Cyprus with Greece.

Union of Cyprus with Greece, the Greeks contend, would also put a stop to growing Russian popularity in Cyprus. The Russians have promised to defend Cyprus from threatened Turkish invasion. To Americans, this Soviet offer could lead to Cyprus becoming a Mediterranean Cuba. The State Department has always considered Makarios too "neutral" where the Russians are concerned.

Meanwhile, the appearance of Grivas in Cyprus seems alarming to Makarios supporters, and Grivas shows no signs of returning to Greece. The Greek Cypriots adore him and still hail him as "The Chief." He is quickly establishing himself as co-leader with Makarios, and he has the full-blooded backing of a small, fanatic right-wing bloc that is anti-Makarios. There might be an anti-Makarios *coup* in Grivas' favor. Many fought under Grivas and see him as a possible successor to either Makarios, or Papandreou. Grivas has been assuring those followers of his that there will be no compromises with the Turks. Should he manage to secure a quick solution on favorable terms, the 66-year-old Grivas could well govern Cyprus – and, later, Greece.

CUBA: *Why Castro Is Feeling Stronger*

by Edwin Tetlow

Havana

Castro's anti-aircraft fire has never downed a single raiding plane, and Khrushchev's "permission" to Cuba to shoot down American reconnaissance planes, coyly announced in Norway, is not regarded very seriously; but the US blockade is now a very blunt instrument. Leylands of England opened the first big breach in it by selling Castro 450 buses to ease the chronic shortage in Havana and to help reopen communications throughout the island. They have just sold him another 500, for a total price of \$25 million. Other non-Communist nations are trading with Cuba with scant regard for the feelings of their American ally. Ships carrying the merchandise of Britain, France, Canada, Japan, Italy, Spain and other countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain enter the port of Havana every day and night, past the lone American observer ship which cruises constantly just outside the limits of territorial waters, reporting the traffic to Washington. Textiles, locomotives, tools, ball-bearings, and even a special kind of light concrete from Denmark are among the cargoes going in. Sugar and tobacco are the cargoes going out.

And meanwhile, Castro is also being given almost unlimited credit from Europe, presumably on the grounds that he is now a good risk, which confirms one's own impression on the spot that the revolution has reached the stage of consolidation.

"We are magnificent customers for Western Europe," said Fidel Castro grandly in answer to my question one evening in late June. He did not elaborate, but he is undoubtedly banking heavily, and possibly with justification, on a coming vast increase in his sugar harvest. His older friends, the Russians, are providing him with mechanical combines that cut the sugar and throw it aloft into the carts and trucks which advance across the fields with the combines, and they have also supplied him with some 2,000 hydraulic claws which gather hand-cut cane. This process of mechanization is not going to work wonders overnight. It has not greatly helped this year's harvest, which, however, despite administrative blunders and tired workers, is expected to be somewhat higher than last year's dismal figure of 3.8 million tons. It might not even greatly

help next year's, for the fields have to be replanned, with wider rows of cane to accommodate the big machines. But there is at least a sporting chance that Cuba will be gathering the 10 million tons of sugar a year which is the goal for 1970. Castro's planners are already getting things ready for the dazzling theoretical increase. They have commissioned a well-known British firm of consulting engineers to plan the modernization and enlargement of six Cuban ports, including Havana and Santiago, to cope with the shipment of the increased harvests to overseas customers. A team of British technicians will arrive in Cuba in October to supervise the work.

As the Cuban-European liaison flourishes, the only trading nation that stands aloof is the US which only six years ago had the Cuban market to itself. There seems little chance of change in the US attitude until after the tenancy of the White House is settled in November. But one Western European businessman said over a rum and ginger ale (both domestic) in the Antilles bar of the Havana Libre Hotel that American business would not be content very much longer to stand by and see Europeans getting all the Cuba trade. "They'll be here within a year, mark my words," he said. "And then they'll swamp us."

If he is right, there will have to be some form of accommodation between Washington and Havana. Perhaps this is something else upon which Castro is gambling. In a three-hour informal talk with a handful of correspondents, he remarked jauntily that anybody who now sought to destroy the Cuban revolution would have to commit the greatest act of genocide in the world's history, and he followed this up by saying that "in normal conditions" (meaning the end of what he calls threats and provocations) he would be disposed to talk things over with the United States, but only on the guarantee of mutual respect for sovereignty and national rights. By this he obviously meant that it would have to be the United States, not he or Cuba, which would have to make concessions if a *rapprochement* were reached and that such concessions would surely include the abandonment of the base at Guantanamo. He might, however, be prepared to cut his visible, physical ties with the Soviet Union in return for an accommodation with the United States. One shrewd diplomat confided to me that he already detected a mutual drawing apart by Cuba and the Rus-

EDWIN TETLOW, a special correspondent in New York for the London Daily Telegraph, has just made his fourteenth visit to Cuba since 1959.

sians. This was not due only to mutual disillusionment, but more perhaps to a decision by the Soviet Union to put on ice for the time being its plans for the political capture of Latin America while it carries forward its present policy of coming to limited terms with the United States. As for Castro, he was turning away because he did not wish to continue being utterly dependent upon his Communist partner, particularly for oil, and he now also wants to hasten consolidation by becoming acceptable to the non-Communist world.

It sounds feasible, considering the diplomatic overtures that Castro has lately been making to the representatives of Spain and the Vatican in Havana; his careful politeness and friendliness with the Swiss caretakers of American interests; his overtures to Algeria with suggestions that she might consider soon supplying him with oil; and, of course, his unequivocal welcome to anybody who will trade with him.

Feeling stronger, he is playing harder to get in his fantastic relationship with the United States. Most of the diplomats who have to deal with him in Havana sense that he feels time is now on his side. His removal by force from outside seems daily to become as unlikely as a domestic counter-revolution. The fiasco, in which Manuel Ray was ignominiously captured by the British in the Bahamas and fined the traditional \$14 for trespassing, gave Castro much comfort because it reflected the apparent growing inability of the exiles in Miami and elsewhere to harm him.

Young Cubans who were swept off their feet by him and his charisma in 1959, and have stayed with him more loyally than any other segment of the population, are now adult. Not knowing the workings of any other system, they are devoting themselves wholeheartedly and with growing usefulness to the Castro brand of Communism. Even the flow of refugees, these people who feel they must get away no matter what the cost, is beginning to dry up, despite last week's defection by Castro's own sister. There is rarely any difficulty these days for a foreigner to get a seat on a plane to Mexico.

These and other factors which one could advance must not be taken as implying that all is rosy and flourishing with the Cuban revolution. The advance it makes is slow. Leaders, such as Che Guevara, Rodriguez and even the Maximum Leader himself, are forever complaining that nobody in the lower ranks of the revolutionary apparatus yet feels confident enough to take a decision or make any kind of move without going as close to the top as possible for authority. They concede that their labor force in the cities and in the sugar fields is none too energetic, and they know that its quality is unlikely to improve unless and until they can improve the rations and the supply of goods.

But the men behind the revolution take account of

these facts and seem intent upon doing something about them. They reflect that the revolution is still there after nearly six years; nobody has taken a pot-shot at its creator. They see the US at odds with its allies, as well as its political adversaries, about Cuba. No wonder they feel they have weathered the worst of the post-1959 storms.

CAPITOL HILL

Crazy Like an Uncut Excise Tax

The Senate last week, persuaded that it had earned the right to some diversion after spending three solemn and vexatious months on civil rights, voted to eliminate most of the excise taxes on ladies' handbags, furs, toiletries, luggage and jewelry. Knowing full well that the stern Ways and Means Committee of the House would never accede to the cuts, the Senate had no delusions that it was making law. But nothing, of course, delights a politician more than an opportunity to vote against taxes. When he can do so and still avoid the charge of fiscal irresponsibility, it is even more fun. Under the circumstances, it is astonishing that the Senate majority showed so much restraint.

The Senate's mischief was not, however, directed against good law. By common consent, the nation's system of excise taxes is an anachronism, mostly devised in helter-skelter fashion over the course of three wars in order to discourage consumption, rather than to raise revenue. When enacted, these were called luxury taxes. The name is no longer applicable. But consecutive Republican and Democratic Administrations have seen fit to perpetuate them as a source of income, since it is easier to retain an old system to which taxpayers are accustomed than to devise a new one about which they are sure to complain, however more equitable it may be. The Senators who chose to inveigh against the excise taxes thus had an exceedingly vulnerable target.

When the Administration succeeded in pushing through its income tax reduction of \$11.5 billion last February, it was inevitable that the move to cut excise taxes would take on momentum. Whatever relief the income tax cut brought to the population as a whole, the excise taxes continued to bear down on a relatively

few businesses and, in regressive fashion, most heavily on the lower income groups. The Administration managed to defeat proposals for changes in the excise taxes and temporarily to divert the momentum by promising a thorough review of the system. It was slow in keeping the promise. Finally, recognizing the sentiment in the Senate, it gave its consent to a study by the Ways and Means Committee, where – constitutionally – tax cuts must originate. The Committee's impending hearings permitted the Senators to enjoy their summer frolic with the assurance that they could do no real damage.

The excise taxes are, roughly speaking, divided into two groups. The first is paid directly to the government by the manufacturer, so it is hidden in the price the consumer ultimately pays. The second is paid directly by the consumers as a sales tax. Of the total of \$14 billion that is collected in one way or another from consumers, only about \$500 million accrues from direct retail taxes; but though the two methods have the same impact on the consumer's pocketbook, the sales tax, being visible, is far more subject to political assault.

Senator Keating, the sometimes mischievous, always chivalrous candidate for re-election from New York, initiated the offensive against the excise system by proposing to eliminate one of its most visible, if not most significant, facets: the tax on ladies' handbags. He argued, with some cogency, that it would be just as fair to charge men for their pockets as women for their pocketbooks. The cost of removing this injustice would be small, he maintained, while the relief would be great to the ladies and to the thousands of retailers dogged with the petty bookkeeping the tax requires.

When the Keating amendment lost by a single vote, the Senator and his allies reasoned that an alternative proposal that would encompass other items would have greater appeal. Senator Pastore of Rhode Island, who rarely strays from the Administration's reservation, joined Keating to propose an exemption for jewelry, furs, toiletries and luggage priced at less than \$100. Hardly a voter would fail to benefit. The proposal was relatively cheap (\$500 million a year), while being democratic and good for business. It broke the ranks of the budget-balancers, the habitual nay-sayers and the Administration loyalists. It appealed to the Republicans, by putting them for once on the popular side of an issue. It passed by the comfortable margin of 48 to 38.

Its passage opened the gate for a variety of special-interest proposals.

Broadway's own Senator Javits called for the elimination of the tax on theater tickets. He said it would cost the government only \$5.5 million a year, about the same as the New York theater lost last season. It was defeated 54 to 32.

Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut, the Administration's

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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former schoolmaster, proposed repeal of the tax on fountain pens, ball-points and mechanical pencils, on the grounds that it is an unfair burden on school children. The Senate Finance Committee accepted the amendment without a vote.

Las Vegas' drawing Senator Cannon argued an end to the cabaret tax. When the Finance Committee agreed on a reduction from 10 to 3 percent in place of elimination, Javits seized on the idea and struck a similar compromise to reduce the tax on theater tickets from 10 to 5 percent. The Senate thus blessed, though unequally, the two poles of American culture.

Senator Lausche of Ohio, whose capacity for righteous indignation is exceeded by no one, seethed in the presence of all this fiscal looseness. He rose to decry it and to propose, sarcastically, the abolishment of the tax on rubber tires, one of Ohio's great industries. Unlike other excises, however, this one is regarded as a legitimate user's tax, since it goes into a trust fund for highway construction.

"I know that the amendment would take the money out of the trust fund," cried Lausche, "but that makes no difference. . . . If we are going to be foolish, if folly is to dominate us, let us go the whole way. . . . We want votes. I want votes. And I am in favor of eliminating taxes."

The Senate, which dislikes being reminded so crudely of its motives, defeated Lausche's amendment 80 to 3.

The net result of the day's exercise, however, was not total futility. Though all of the proposed tax cuts were rejected, as expected, by the House-Senate conference, it would be a mistake to say that nothing was accomplished. The Senate, by its bipartisan antics, put the Administration on notice that it expects genuine reform. By getting its tax-cutting votes on the record, it demonstrated that there was a seriousness beneath its frivolity. The betting around Washington this week is that by next year the excise tax system will be seriously modified.

MILTON VIORST

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To the Rescue of the Marine

by James Ridgeway

Although the government is ballyhooing the currently operating merchant ship *Savannah*, as an indication of how the flagging US Merchant Marine may one day revive itself, *economically* feasible nuclear ships are still a good 10 years off. Right now it is automation, not nuclear power, that is changing the shipping business. It is helping to bring about sharp reductions in labor costs, and it promises to give US flag ships more of a bite in the world market. They certainly need this if they are to regain the lead that has been lost since the end of World War II. The United States is now number four in the world in terms of tonnage carried instead of being number one as before.

Half the cost of operating a ship is incurred at port, where it may spend 10 days loading and unloading cargo. In the US, trucks haul goods to the pier where they are unloaded by teamsters. The cargo then is placed in temporary storage by longshoremen, and, depending on the port, they may even repack it on steel or wooden loading frames, called "pallets." Eventually, it is hoisted over the ship's side and dropped down into the hold. Here, more longshoremen remove the merchandise from the pallet, place it in push trucks, trundle the trucks into the corners of the hold, unload the cargo once more, and finally stow it away. A great deal of time is wasted in all this maneuvering. Partly it is because the shape of the ship makes work difficult. The bows are hard to get at, and it takes time to stow around and behind the engines which are located amidships. Fork lift trucks cannot be used well in many ships because the hold decks are full of obstacles such as raised manhole covers. Naval architects are working on moving engines further aft and this would open up more space. And there are hopes that a nuclear power plant will eventually help in this respect, since it would not require the large storage area now necessary for fuel. The newer freighters have more than one hatch opening for each hold, and the hold decks are flat so that machines can operate over them. But even without these machines and advances in design, a study by the National Academy of Sciences of San Francisco's port suggests that if longshoremen were willing to make more efficient use of their time, productivity could be doubled and handling costs could be reduced by 25 percent per ton or more. The shipping lines and longshoremen on the West Coast agreed to such a plan three years ago, involving a change in gang size. In exchange, the longshoremen won promises of job security. The

International Longshoremen's Association now is beginning to negotiate a new contract for East and Gulf Coast ports. But the association president, Thomas W. Gleason, so far shows little inclination for working out an agreement similar to the one established on the West Coast.

Not long ago on the West Coast it took 80 men 6,650 hours to unload 10,000 tons of sugar packed in sacks. Now eight men can do the job in 1,000 hours, because the sugar is shunted from the hold to the plant by conveyor belt. Other bulk cargoes can be sucked out of a hold or blown into it through high pressure hoses, or hoisted aboard by magnets. A giant cylinder can clamp on to a railway car, turn it on its side over the hold and dump 90 tons of ore in 45 seconds.

Of course, not all goods can be shipped in bulk, and the subsidized liners of the US fleet carry mostly general or break bulk cargoes including consumer goods, tools and machine parts. But these come in increasing numbers to the pier in metal containers, packed at the manufacturing plant and shipped piggy back by truck to dockside, where they are picked off the truck by a gantry crane and dropped into special beds in the hold. A ship that carries nothing but containers can reduce port time from 5½ days to 40 hours.

The shipping lines slowly are beginning to replace the 980-ship fleet with semi-automated vessels that can make upward of 20 knots. Automation will help to cut costs at sea, perhaps by 15 percent. The government, which hands out more than \$200 million a year in subsidies, is encouraging this trend by requiring ships seeking operating subsidies to have centralized engine-room controls, simplified power plants and direct control from the bridge to the engines. About 30 automated ships are now being built or are on the drawing boards. The size of the engine-room crew can be cut in half because the job they once did is now performed by push buttons. Remote control of hatches, winches and anchors enables the newer ships to operate with fewer deckhands. The maritime unions slowly are accepting the change in return for establishment of retraining and retirement funds.

Although there are some interesting possibilities in advanced ship design, the US does not do much work on them. The Maritime Administration spends about \$9 million a year for research and development, but three-quarters of this is taken up operating the *Savannah*. This leaves little money for working on hydrofoils

and so-called "surface-effect" ships. Both the Russians and Japanese are increasing the size of their fleets, and both countries have experimented with completely automated ships. The Russians even have one craft which operates by remote control. The British are designing "surface effect" ships, which hover a few feet above the water and travel at speeds close to 100 miles an hour. These are planned for use across the Channel, and it is technically feasible to build one big enough to carry passengers across the Atlantic. The voyage might take 30 hours and would cost perhaps \$60 one way.

On the Savannah

Viewed from the pier, the nuclear merchant ship *Savannah* looks like any other large cargo vessel with accommodations for 60 or so passengers. But the ship used up only 1.3 pounds of uranium pellets crossing from New York to Bremerhaven, Germany, and she has 17,000 pounds of the fuel on board encased in special stainless steel tubes inside a containment tank that is shielded by 2,000 pounds of lead, polyethylene and concrete. The atomic reactor that powers the 20,000 horsepower turbine is critical at all times, even in port when it is producing power only for heating and lighting. The 21 boron control rods slide in and out of the reactor core in response to commands from automated "black boxes." In case of failure the boron rods can be operated manually; if there is a steep enough rise in temperature the rods will drop of their own accord into the heart of the pile, absorbing the run-away neutrons and shutting down the reactor.

On the bridge, behind the wheel, there is a black dial telephone marked "For Emergency Use Only," which when in use connects directly with Washington. As soon as the *Savannah* is safely tied up in port, the telephone is connected with shore facilities so that the watch officer who is always on the bridge can notify the appropriate federal authorities in the case of a "reactor malfunction."

No such emergency has arisen aboard and none such is expected, but the hot line to Washington is only one of the many precautions that have been taken to insure that the *Savannah* is not only one of the world's safest ships to be aboard, but also one of the safest to to have in port.

In every port which she visits the nuclear ship ties up at a pier where she can lie stern-in, so that she can get out in one hour's time or less. Tugs are kept on continuous 30-minute alert while the *Savannah* is in port, but in a real emergency, the vessel could use her stand-by diesel engines to get out.

ROBERT BURKHARDT

Invaders and the Invaded

We Will Overcome

Oxford, Ohio

I doubt that one could willfully arrange a more motley assortment of racial, social, cultural and economic backgrounds than this college town has seen in the past several weeks. The youngsters spent days talking about themselves and their different pasts in the hope that such an effort would weld them into an instrument of education for Negro communities in Mississippi — teaching them how to register to vote, how to read and spell or improve their health.

I've seen this before in smaller doses: idealistic college youths from our harshly-criticized middle class confronting tough, skilled field workers, most of them Negroes reared in the predominant poverty that is their racial lot. If there had been tensions on such previous encounters, what might one reasonably expect from this unique venture, with its recruitment of hundreds of college students facing dozens of sometimes tired and even cynical "regulars"?

It worked, though. They met, kept good distance from one another, groped toward one another, argued. Then they started leaving, more intent on work than on self-examination or analysis of motives. Their *job*, after all, was to work with Negro families in the backward regions of a backward state. We shall see later as we follow them in the summer how their minds and spirits hold up under uncertainty, likely threats, and continually possible violence.

As a psychiatrist, I've treated my fair share of delinquents and of odd or variously impossible college students. In comparison, these students at Oxford seemed solid, sane and far from fatuous. By and large they've given much thought and more than a moment's hesitation to their project.

I came here to help "process" and "evaluate" them, vulgar words to describe offering some medical and psychiatric assistance. Well, they certainly did manage their bruises, cuts, infections and allergies; and they were often afraid and anxious, too. But they also developed purpose and resolve. They are sensitive young men and women — do you remember the time in your own life? — motivated by ideals and seized by a moment in history which offers those ideals fulfillment. If I had been looking for disturbed minds — I have come to know better — I would have been disappointed.

They are nobody's cannon fodder. I have never heard more honest talk among leaders and followers. Yes, these young people are being "used" in a desperate

effort to effect change in Mississippi. (I suppose we all "use" one another in many ways.) They have chosen just that fate. Most of them, as a matter of fact, clearly possess all of this century's psychological and political sophistication which makes the best of us aware and the worst of us cynical. What I find impressive about them is that they are not yet jaded and paralyzed. Their heads may face future gunshot, but at least they do not carry their intelligence and knowledge like a millstone around their necks.

ROBERT COLES

We Want Wallace

Jackson, Mississippi

It was a lily-white night at the Coliseum here on June 25, and when the lion of Alabama, Governor Wallace, roared, a crowd of 10,000 chanted: "Give 'em hell, George!"

Before the speechmaking started, there had been a half-hour of hoopla, including the invocation: "Preserve us from the gigantic forces which seek to destroy us today. . . . Let us be slave to none except Christ." Then out came the Hinds Hi-Steppers, a girls' precision dance team from Hinds Junior College, carrying signs spelling out WALLACE, ALABAMA, and dancing to the tune of the "Alabama Bounce." The band broke into "Dixie," and 10,000 stood and gave a rebel yell.

"Do you love your Southern gals?"

"Yes!"

Jerry Lane and his eight-piece swing band took over for a premier performance of "Good Ol' George," played to the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In." "When good ol' George goes marchin' in, When good ol' George goes marchin' in, I'll march up to the White House, When good ol' George goes marchin' in. . . . We'll all be free, like we used to be," etc., plus two more verses — one dedicated to Robert F. Kennedy, one to Dick Gregory.

The rally was sponsored by SCHENPOUS — Southern Committee to Help Elect the Next President of the United States.

Introducing Wallace, Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi reminded us that the "cause here tonight is the cause of our American forefathers, who came to this country seeking liberty and justice under God. Remember it is not a lost cause. . . . The recent decisions of the Supreme Court do not — I repeat, do not — represent the views of America." Hearty applause. "The trend toward appeasing the black voting minorities," he said, "do not have the approval of the majority. . . . This country does not want to help the

Communists by outlawing prayer in school. These decisions were not made by right-thinking, hard-working Americans." Governor Johnson then called on the governor of his sister state, "the man who has shown that he will do well in any office for the white majorities to restore constitutional government to this blessed land."

The squarely-built Alabaman took the podium to ask that the South vote for him in a bloc, so he could take the 112 electoral votes of the Old Confederacy to the electoral college and bargain. Neither Democrats nor Republicans, "both of which have deserted the South," would have a majority. "Then I assure you that the man who gets the South's votes will pledge above the table to restore to the people states' rights and constitutional government and get off their backs!"

"During Reconstruction," Wallace continued, "the South used its electoral votes in the switch from Tilden to Hayes to get Reconstruction off our shoulders. I propose now to shake the liberals off our backs with our electoral votes." There were the familiar jokes about the "liberal press": "I'm talking about *Time* made for those who can't think and *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post* for those who can't read."

Wallace had a confidential remark on the Maryland primary: "In Maryland we got a hell of a lot of votes, 44 percent. That was with them doing the counting. I don't know how many I would have gotten if I had been in on the counting." The crowd roared.

He recalled the Poles in south Milwaukee who sang "Dixie" in their native tongue. He had never, he said, made a statement reflecting on the race, creed or color of any man. "Unlike the liberals, I believe in God; I can despise no man nor stir up hatred." In the North, there is more Negro unemployment than in the Old Confederacy, "even in states with strong civil rights bills." Because of the Supreme Court, school children cannot say "God is great, God is good, God we thank you for our food. . . . There are orphans in state-supported institutions who cannot say 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep' because of the Supreme Court."

He commented briefly on the international situation: "I, like you, am sick and tired and fed up with a government which tramples down its own people and kowtows to its enemies, a government which makes it unfashionable to wave the American flag yet sends its boys to an unknown land to be killed in a war without victory. . . . There is a great deal of talk today about being in the mainstream. The mainstream of American politics is leading down the road to state socialism, and I assure you I've gotten out of the mainstream long ago."

Finally, the band swung out on "Good Ol' George"; the crowd surged around the stand to shake his hand; Wallace was their man.

TOM COFFMAN

Supreme Court Fissures

Seeds of Discord in the New Majority

by Alexander M. Bickel

The single most obvious generalization about the term of the Supreme Court just concluded is that it marked the distinct and fairly consistent domination of the Court by a new majority. A Hugo Black majority, one might well call it, for in this second half of Justice Black's third decade of service, the Court is overturning many a precedent that entered the books over his dissent. Holmes once referred to "the subtle rapture of a postponed power," which was the secret joy of the thinker. It was remarked of Stone in the 1940's that he had the privilege of being present in the postponed time. The analogy is an ominous one, for Stone's triumph soon disintegrated into further discord, but a measure of the present rapture of previously postponed power is being afforded to Justice Black, too, by the new Supreme Court majority.

That majority generally consists, in addition to Justice Black, of Chief Justice Warren and Justices Douglas, Brennan and Goldberg. Justice Harlan is a consistent dissenter, often joined by Justice Clark, and not infrequently by either Justice White or Justice Stewart, or by both. This is a generalization, of course, and valid only as such. All nine of the judges are charged with the duty of independent judgment, and that is what they exercise. Yet they must also reach a collective judgment in each case, and hence they tend to coalesce, submerging nuances of individual philosophy. But the law is seldom settled in a single case. Clusters of cases are decisive in the long run, and as they accrete, issues converge and crisscross, and nuances of individual philosophy, hardly visible to the naked eye at first, or suppressed in face of a given dissent taking a particular line, emerge and are magnified. Centrifugal as well as centripetal forces are ever at work within a Court majority. In a series of sit-in cases and a passport case on which attention centered on June 22, the last day of the Court's term, there was evidence not only of the new accord, but also of the seeds of discord within it.

An oddly-aligned majority of five — Warren, Clark, Brennan, Stewart and Goldberg — disposed of the sit-in cases on various narrow grounds without reaching the ultimate issue of whether the Fourteenth Amendment of its own force forbids the owner of a public accommodation, such as a lunch-counter or drugstore, to ex-

clude Negroes. The result was that trespass convictions of various Negro sit-in demonstrators in Maryland, Florida and South Carolina were vacated (some perhaps only temporarily), but the constitutional issue was left undecided. Justices Black, Harlan, Douglas and White felt strongly that the constitutional issue ought to be decided here and now. It was an inexcusable default on the part of the Court, said Justice Douglas, not to "put our decision into the mainstream of the law at this critical hour." And Justice Black thought it "unfair to demonstrators and property owners alike as well as against the public interest not to decide [the issue] now."

However, what the two Justices thought it unfair to withhold from the parties and the mainstream were two very different things. Justice Douglas believes that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids discrimination in public accommodations, and in this view he was joined by Justice Goldberg and the Chief Justice, who spoke only because the issue had been broached, although they agreed with the majority that it should not be decided. Justice Black, with whom Justices Harlan and White agreed, believes that the Fourteenth Amendment leaves the owners of private property free to pick their customers in accordance with their own prejudices. Congress and state legislatures may have power to decree otherwise, said Justice Black, but the Fourteenth Amendment of its own force applies only to discrimination by agencies or officers of a state, not to private discriminations.

As the Court was considering the issue, so, of course, was Congress in the civil rights bill, and so were some states and municipalities. One of the restaurant cases was from Maryland, and while it was pending, Maryland passed a public accommodations statute forbidding discrimination. The fact that the issue is in the process of political settlement was surely a preponderant consideration in the majority's decision to avoid a decision. Another consideration was the extreme difficulty of the issue as a constitutional matter, the utter inconclusiveness of the usual materials of judgment, the grave doubt whether any judicially-imposed rule could work satisfactorily in all parts of the country in great varieties of situations, the lack of any moral or

ethical standard sufficiently clear-cut, well-trying and widely-accepted to support a distinction between places where access must constitutionally be free and those where the owner's prejudices may constitutionally prevail.

No irony is intended in the assertion that the opinions reaching the constitutional issue serve better than anything else to support the majority's disposition of the sit-in cases, for these opinions are about equally unpersuasive, almost equally self-refuting on either side. Justice Douglas solves the problem more or less by stating it as if it solved itself. He keeps referring to it, in italics, as *apartheid*. Justice Goldberg, who also joined the Court and thus did not really want to decide, attempts to convince himself that it was the intention of the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment to outlaw discrimination in public accommodations. Anyone who has read the debates of the Reconstruction Congress (the 39th) knows how very dubious a proposition that is. Justice Black, himself the notable author of some dubious readings of Fourteenth Amendment history on other issues, rejects this one, and emerges with the conclusion that the line between the right to liberty and equal protection that the Fourteenth Amendment guarantees to people, and the right to private property that it guarantees to both people and corporations is drawn at the restaurant door.

But the Court, with Justice Black joining, has applied the Equal Protection Clause to private racial covenants affecting privately-owned land, and by implication to a company town. The distinctions on which Justice Black would rest those cases have been traditionally taken, but they seem trivial now. So do other indicia of "state action," as the Court has called the criterion for deciding whether or not the Equal Protection Clause applies to a given discrimination. Realistically, "state action" is present in all these situations, the old standard ones and the newer ones, for we are indeed committed, as Justice Black remarks, to "rule by law," and law, whether permissive or coercive, is what makes discrimination enforceable. The question is what sort of discrimination should be forbidden, not by legislatures and not by Congress, but by the Supreme Court in the name of the Constitution. It is a very difficult question, and none of the Justices has solved it.

The sit-in cases demonstrate that very often the problem for the Court is not only how to decide but whether to decide. Judges may share a general constitutional outlook, but that does not mean that they are equally ready to put their decisions "into the mainstream" at every "critical hour"; it does not mean that they are all equally anxious to seize the initiative on issues with which the political process is also grappling; it does not mean, in sum, that they are all equally confident of the permanent validity of the constitutional

judgments they reach in common, or equally sure that the best sort of "rule by law" is rule by judges. There is a new and fairly steady majority on the Supreme Court concerning many of the old questions over which the Court has divided during the past two decades or so. But there is no steady majority when the questions are new, as the conflict between the Equal Protection Clause and the rights of property is relatively new for the modern Court, and when one of the questions is not what to decide, but whether and how much.

Communists' Passports

This is confirmed as well by the passport case decided on June 22. The Subversive Activities Control (McCarran) Act of 1950, which has been deservedly whittled down by the courts before now, provides that no member of a Communist, "Communist-front" or "Communist-infiltrated" organization that has been ordered to register under the Act may apply for a passport, or get one, or use it. A majority of the Court, in an opinion by Justice Goldberg, held that while Congress might well have authority to regulate individual travel in the interests of national security, this blunderbuss statute, reaching large numbers of miscellaneous people purely on the basis of their formal associations, regardless of their particular purposes and commitments, regardless even of the purposes for which they wish to travel – this statute is invalid. If Congress wished to forbid travel that runs counter to the national interest, it would have to be more specific, and the question whether and under what conditions Congress may forbid travel need not now be decided.

Justices Black and Douglas joined the majority, but they would each have decided much more now. Justice Black thought that the statute violates the First Amendment and is a Bill of Attainder to boot, as he has said in the past. Justice Douglas thinks that a prohibition on travel such as is laid down by the McCarran Act is flatly unconstitutional, except perhaps in time of war. Justices Clark and Harlan, on the other hand, in dissent, thought that on the whole the statute was quite constitutional. Justice White joined them to the extent of believing that the statute was valid as applied to leading figures in the Communist Party rather than the rank and file, and that the overhanging threat it represented for the rank and file (it is made a criminal offense, punishable by five years in jail, for "any member" to so much as apply for a passport, or for anyone to issue him one) was no good reason for striking it down. Thus in this case the Hugo Black majority – if one may use that shorthand in honor of the Court's senior Justice – held together handsomely, but on the question of whether and how much to decide, it again revealed its sub-surface fissures.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Naked Lollipop

by Albert Goldman

Back in the mid-fifties, when *Candy* was conceived, the same hipsters who had dug the Cool and lived On the Road discovered that by giving the baby bottle stereotypes of their youth a vicious little twist, they could snap into focus a comic universe that crackled with the same perverse energy as jazz. Once this discovery was broadcast, all the shadowy inhabitants of

Candy
by Terry Southern and
Mason Hoffenberg
(Putman; \$5)

the cool world, from sophisticated novelists to illiterate night club comics, from chanting poets to smirking limerick writers rushed in to exploit the imaginative breakthrough and to enjoy the new kicks. Beatniks in Tangiers, lying in their squalid "cribs" smoking keif, broke up watching William Burroughs ad-lib the fantastic "routines" that were later published as *Naked Lunch*. (The respectable, middle-class reviewers reading the same stuff in deadpan silence in their comfortably furnished living rooms found nothing to laugh at.) Out on the West Coast, in a dimly lighted cellar hangout for hipsters and show biz types, Lenny Bruce began to reel off those blue home movies that have since made him the most controversial figure in American entertainment.

At this same time, in Paris, two young writers, riding the crest of the new thing, decided to take the license of modern comedy to its ultimate conclusion by writing a book that would be at once a devastating parody of American illusions and clichés and the most uninhibited sexual farce since the decline of the Roman Empire.

Had *Candy* been published here when it was written (it was brought out in Paris pseudonymously as *Lollipop* in

1958), the book would have achieved its total intended effect and made most people throw a fit. But after the long softening up through the mass media, where "sick" humor is still alive, and after scores of obscenity actions involving works of serious literature or pornography, *Candy* comes to us bearing an unofficial seal of approval reading, "They're Ready For It Now."

The satiric crater dug by this delayed blast is surprisingly shallow. The heroine-victim is an easy mark, a stereotype of the late forties and early fifties—our old friend, the American Dream Girl. For the benefit of readers under thirty, we hasten to explain that there was a time when that same Hollywood that is today so hip (Terry Southern was one of the scenarists for

Dr. Strangelove), promulgated an image of woman as all sweetness, daintiness, cheerfulness, selflessness and luscious sexuality. This yummy creature was perfectly calculated to drive the man of feeling insane because every one of her sexual charms was countermanded by some preposterous spiritual trait: she denied absolutely her own sexual needs, preferring to see the commerce between the sexes as an act of self-sacrificing generosity ("to give of oneself... is a thrilling privilege."); she asserted her romantic "ideals" so vigorously and confidently that she practically annihilated her more mundane lovers; and she had this predilection for causes, including ex-GI's with hooks for arms.

Now any young person of the Salinger generation will understand how important it was for Uncle Terry and Uncle Hoff to flush this fantasm out of their systems. And he will also appreciate the tedious social obligation to

In the Woods

I sit in the woods of New Hampshire and read of the South.
Nothing new, more murder, more hate, more data on man,
From Mississippi again, that bastion.

My woods are calm, but I keep the radio on.
The northern reporters have all been flying down.
Evil's been trapped, it seems, in some small town.

I sit in my woods in my righteousness and write;
One more reporter-preacher trysts with fate.
Is today my day to say to the South, Repent?

"
Fabre, the great bug man, first proved that reason
Had nothing at all to do with the complex actions
Of bees, ants and the like. Now we in season

Prove the same about us. Now the clocks strike
And we line up as a thousand times before
For the same not black-man white-man, nor south-man north-man, but
ant-man war.

REED WHITEMORE

give this desperately needed catharsis a moral veneer by invoking the generous muse of satire, with a wicked wink at Voltaire. Actually, the book reads so much like a take on another 18th-Century French writer that it might have been better titled *Sadie*. Subjecting their adorable girl to every sort of violence, indignity and chicanery, the authors mete out condign punishment; yet after each adventure, Candy bounces back—like Sade's heroines—her sweet and enticing flesh magically restored to its original purity with the maddening persistence of lust.

Whatever the practical consequences to the book, I think it is disingenuous of the reviewers to assert that this comic sadistic fantasy is merely a "spoof of pornography," or to argue solemnly that laughs and lust are incompatible. (How so many literary intellectuals have suddenly become thoroughly familiar with pornographic literature escapes me; I had not thought the Kinsey Institute had undone so many.) We all know by now that humor can serve as a disguise for hos-

tility; it seems to me just as clear that it can provide a rationale for enjoying extravagant sexual fantasies. Hipster humor has always explored the hidden channels of lust: Burroughs ran the gamut of homosexual fantasies, and Lenny Bruce has done a pretty good job on anal eroticism. In any case, the closest analogue to *Candy* that I can think of are those little books (feverishly read by kids) that portray the most innocent figures of the comic strips, like Dagwood and Blondie, in complicated erotic situations.

The real problem here is not pornography but the hard knots that connect humor with all the most regressive and brutal impulses in human nature. I think it is a great point in the authors' favor that, recognizing the primary and immense humorous value of sex, they do not scruple to write as if they knew it. One feels that for the first time in the history of modern popular comedy instead of enjoying an anarchic world of sexual substitutions and innuendoes, like that of the Marx Brothers,

we are enjoying the comic impulse at its very source and thereby regaining the Saturnalian freedom of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The cast of *Candy* is comprised of a Jonsonian triad of women, freaks and pious frauds. The anti-type of the heroine is Aunt Livia, a lascivious matron (bearing the name of Nero's wife), who is a parody of those worldly upper-class women who don't give a damn what people think and pursue their pleasures as frankly and as crudely as men. She loves to verbalize her sex desires: when asked by her solicitous husband, "What about a bite to eat?" she replies, "Yes, a bit of Giant Male Organ—piping hot!" Grindle (the word means "angry"), the fake Zen guru, seduces Candy, carefully distinguishing at every point between the acts they are performing and their gross worldly equivalents. In the wildest scene, a hunchback makes desperate efforts to keep his mind on the seduction he assumes Candy wants, when he is really interested only in her money.

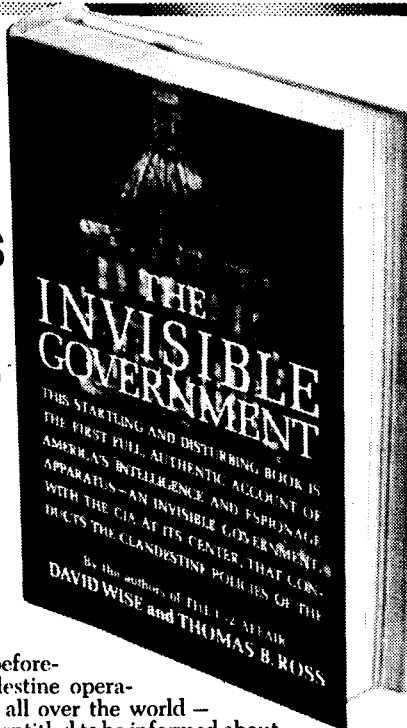
As *Candy* makes exhaustive use of the entire armory of modern humor, I was surprised and disappointed that Southern made so little play with his personal weapon—the *Put On*. "The Put On" is a combination of the practical joke and pulling one's leg. The idea is to draw the victim in and then, from a vantage point of detached amusement, watch him flounder. The beauty of the scheme is that once the gull is hooked, he makes himself absurd whether he continues to swallow the bait or tugs angrily on the line. Aunt Livia puts on a brace of middle-aged yacht club types by soliciting their support for a TV program that seems at first quite professional and socially enlightened, but then gradually transforms itself into a grotesque and violent sexual farce—like *Candy*. The cruel fun of the *Put On* is sacrificed in this case to the extravagance of the fantasy, which makes it, as a *Put On*, decidedly inferior to the sly and malicious pranks in Southern's other successful literary cartoon, *The Magic Christian*, where the hero—the greatest *Put On* artist in the world—reveals his genius in his scheme for putting on movie audiences by making slight additions to major Hollywood films.

There are two governments in the United States today. One is visible. The other is invisible—with the CIA at its center.

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THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

By the authors of *The U-2 Affair*: **DAVID WISE**, Chief of the Washington Bureau, *N.Y. Herald Tribune* and **THOMAS B. ROSS**, Washington Correspondent, *Chicago Sun-Times*
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For example, in *The Best Years of Our Lives*, he adds to a sentimental front porch love scene a shot of artificial hook hands going under the girl's skirt.

This bit of devilry is so deftly done that the audience never knows whether they've been had or not. And that, I suspect, is the effect *Candy* had on some of the reviewers. For taken not

as a book but as an act in the current cultural situation, *Candy* is a perfect Put On of that liberal, intellectual audience of readers and critics who are forever trying to understand and explain everything, and who seem constitutionally incapable of enjoying fantasy or humor without indulging in the cant of "redeeming social value."

What Happened in Korea

by Charles Burton Marshall

"The irony of that great limited war in the 1930's in Spain and of the total war of the 1940's was that the democrats were forced into alliance with one monster in fighting to defeat another," David Rees observes in *Korea: The Limited War*. "This did not happen in Korea. While the Korean decision was deeply rooted in Western self-interest as well as idealism, and in

Korea: The Limited War
by David Rees
(St. Martin's; \$10)

spite of defending a regime not completely democratic, in Korea there was as good a cause to fight for as the West will ever find." In Rees's judgment, "American involvement in Korea, the greatest act of recent American history . . . which cost the country over 142,000 casualties and perhaps \$20 billion, more than any other action gives the United States the moral right to Western leadership."

Whatever the nobility of the cause, it palled, once the contest passed its wide-open phase and became a quarrel for marginal advantages in a stalemate. The political stakes were too subtle. The military events also have become vague in recollection. To most, the Korean War was a succession of baffling retreats and frustrated recoveries — relieved by one brilliant action, an amphibious landing at Inchon.

Inchon provides as good a point as any to begin an analytic discussion. The landing there was performed by the 10th Corps independently of the Eighth Army command, then cooped up in the Pusan perimeter. Because of des-

perately close calculations of time and tide, besides the risks inherent in a split command, the amphibious plan raised deep doubts among the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Prudent or not, it worked. General Douglas MacArthur's gamble bore enormous consequences.

From being under siege in a southern extremity, the forces under UN aegis were propelled triumphantly northward. The Northern Korean regime was put to demoralized flight. The UN Assembly and the US Government itself were precipitated into trying to decide how to manage sudden total victory. MacArthur, riding high and more than ever scornful of cautionary advice from his military superiors, nudged victory along with another amphibious thrust on the coast opposite to Inchon, again with the 10th Corps in an independent role. Action was now outrunning thought. Surprise was rampant. The Chinese stole across the Yalu and found the fateful gap between the 10th Corps and the Eighth Army. Victory disintegrated in the Americans' hands.

Whatever the average man's appraisal of Inchon, the elements of the defeat inflicted by the Chinese at the Chongchon River in late November, 1950 were inherent in the seeming success ten weeks before. The Chongchon's consequences were consequences of Inchon as well — Rees makes the point brilliantly — and the one operation can scarcely be evaluated independently of the other.

After the Chongchon, the war became, as in MacArthur's phrase, an entirely new war — new in various ways to various principals. For the Truman



"THIS REMARKABLE MAN, little known in America, is one of that species whose interests are so wide* that to read any of his books — if it is your first — is like meeting someone by being introduced to his big toe or elbow."

So writes Stanley Kauffmann in a 5-column *New Republic* review describing his enjoyment of Edward Hyams' new novel, *A PERFECT STRANGER*.

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Further literary ancestors are invoked by the *Herald Tribune*: "He can write as well as Thackeray, Dickens, Waugh . . . *A PERFECT STRANGER* is polished, intelligent, civilized, insightful, absorbing."

Its hero — ideal protagonist for a post-Wellsian, Waughian, Thackerayan intellectual entertainment — is a young, handsome, scholarly, brilliant, well-connected Englishman. "The outside world explodes into his life" (Mr. Kauffmann, again) "when his mistress becomes involved in a bloody revolt in the African country of her mother's origin . . . Violence . . . winds a red thread through the 'civilized' mixture of parliamentary affairs, legal huggemugger, Fleet Street activity, European and African politics, urbane chat in exquisite gardens . . ."

In sum, the reader seeking the long-absent novel of ideas generously furnished with plot, with character, with wit, with the overtones of a vast and graceful erudition (see footnote below!) will have a wonderful time reading

A PERFECT STRANGER by Edward Hyams

\$4.50. Simon and Schuster

*Hyams is contributor to, and historian of, *The New Statesman*, veteran of the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy, expert author of books on viticulture and gardening; lecturer — on entomology among other subjects — for The Third Programme, author of numerous well received novels and of the highly praised recent history: *The Last of the Incas*.

THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIEW

Recent sensational publicity around LSD and other psychedelic drugs has led to a resurgence of interest in the expansion of consciousness by chemical means. Experimental mysticism, model psychosis, the phenomenology of transcendent experiences, botany and pharmacology of divinatory plants and drugs, philosophic and religious implications of chemically induced visions—these are some of the topics covered by this new journal. Creative personal accounts in aesthetic or poetic form are also published. The French journal *PLANETE* calls it: "a mine of information and ideas on one of the most fascinating frontiers of science."

Contents of Vol. 1, #3 (Aldous Huxley Memorial Issue) Special Tributes by Gerald Heard, Huston Smith, Alan Watts, Timothy Leary. R. Gordon Wasson: "... Notes of the Present Status of Ololiuqui and the other Hallucinogens of Mexico." Albert Hofmann: "Active Principles of Seeds of *Rivea Corymbosa* and *Ipomea Violacea*." Timothy Leary: "The Religious Experience, its production and interpretation." Charles Olson: "from the *Maximus* Poems."

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Administration, as agent for the UN coalition, the new situation imposed necessities of putting aside a resolution to reunify Korea and coming to terms with a declared aggressor on a basis established by his aggression. Within the UN a drift toward neutralism began. Within the US, the trend turned to apathy about the war and its aims—a politically costly development for the Administration.

For MacArthur the new turn at the Chongchon brought bitter anticlimax to a long career. American troops had been deployed into the greatest tactical reversal in US military history—though faulty disposition of forces was never to be conceded by him as a factor. His once debonair optimism gave way to deep pessimism. Not only victory but even a stalemate in Korea became unachievable in his estimate. Only defeat lay ahead on the peninsula for him. The cause, he insisted, could be redeemed only by carrying war elsewhere. He was deprived of effective command. It fell to General Matthew Ridgway to make the best of a bad situation and thus dutifully to refute MacArthur on the impossibility of stemming defeat and reestablishing equilibrium. This marked the beginning of a great fadeaway—and MacArthur never forgave Ridgway for it. A few months later he was relieved of even nominal authority for trying to summon Congressional and public support to overturn the venture.

In a highly interesting introduction Rees ponders contrasting views of human nature and human possibilities reflected in the issues polarized between MacArthur and the Administration. Liberalism stands at one extreme—an attitude disposed to dissociate power and policy, assuming all states to be alike in their devotion to peace and in sharing a basic store of reason and elementary morality. Liberalism of that sort regards war as an aberrant and abhorrent phenomenon. When it comes, war must be justified by being exploited as a means to a peace constituting a huge step closer to human perfection. Consistently with such a crusading aim, war has to be got over with as promptly as possible, and maximum force is called for accordingly. The opposing view sees war and peace

as opposed tendencies always operative in human affairs—with neither presenting a key to transforming the human situation. It discerns the contingencies and shortcomings in even a good cause. It plays for time and abatement and eschews crusading.

In the Rees analysis, MacArthur "with his charismatic personality was unique in personifying the liberal attitude toward war"—an attitude shared by a good many of the other top brass. The civil components of the Truman Administration, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Generals Ridgway and Maxwell Taylor exemplified a conservative view of warfare in contrast to the absolutist position. The march to the Yalu, bearing a mission of reunification of Korea, was the high tide for the liberal approach. The post-Chongchon compromises reflected the darker conservative view of human possibilities.

One can use terms as he wishes so long as he explains them. I would not deny Rees his special use of the elastic terms *liberal* and *liberalism*—odd as it may seem to recall the Jenner Committee hearings as a rallying point for the "liberal" outlook. I suspect he finds philosophic significances beyond the understanding and intentions of the opposing sides in the debate over Korea. Outlooks were determined mainly by the roles assigned. Generalship in the theater of operations understandably abhorred stalemate. Generalship charged with more engrossing responsibilities weighed Korea against US risks and requirements elsewhere and accepted stalemate in Korea only with great reluctance. In a theater commander's spot, Truman or Acheson or Bradley would have thought and spoken differently. And if he had been placed at the Washington vantage, even MacArthur might have been reconciled to playing for a tie in Korea.

Rees's book reflects talents of a high order. Such is his economy of words that any one of its 23 chapters is substantial enough to justify a book. A Welshman in mid-thirties, he presumably has ahead of him a long career in analysis and the recounting of great complex events. One should scarcely hope for more than that Rees should keep to the standard set in his major effort in historical writing.

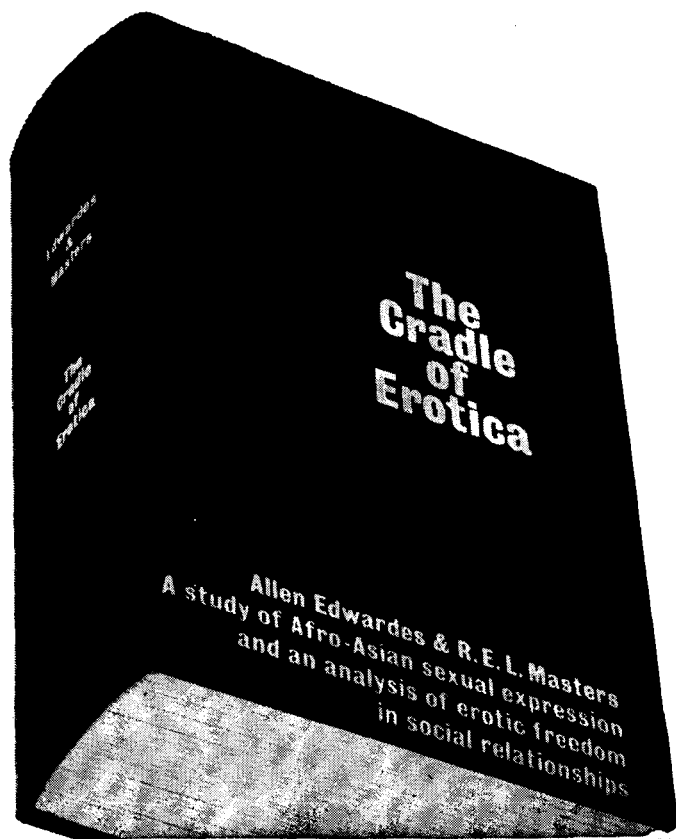


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The Benevolent Mr. Field

by John Lusk

Marshall Field III, the inheritor of more than \$150 million, was not a great man, but a good one, "which is rarer," Stephen Becker says in this biography of the philanthropist-publisher. Field's transformation began in the late 1920's when he was in his middle 30's - from banker, farmer, playboy, trustee, traveler, and casual philanthropist, into the

Marshall Field III: A Biography
by Stephen Becker
(Simon & Schuster; \$7.50)

"genuine modern liberal" who supported Roosevelt and shared with him the epithet "traitor to his class." It was not a sudden conversion. He did not give all he had to the poor. To his newly built Long Island barony called "Caumsett" were added a Park Avenue flat, a 13,000 acre Carolina plantation, and a more comfortable yacht.

But, by 1937 the change had become

perceptible. Field quit the brokerage house that he founded after World War I, gave up directorships in about thirty corporations (partly because the new SEC required him to), tried to raise funds for the Spanish Loyalists, and became interested in child welfare. In 1940 he established the Field Foundation to systematize his charities.

He made his mark in journalism, though it might more properly be said that his money made the mark. As the angel of the lively, ad-less tabloid *PM* in New York and as the publisher of *The Chicago Sun* Field showed almost superhuman detachment. Though he put \$5 million into *PM*, he had no voice in its editorial policies, and though his losses in Chicago until his son took over were \$25 million, he was seldom more than a consultant of *The Sun*.

The exercise of gentle but firm control might have made *The Sun* the

great paper Field hoped it would be. *PM* was another matter. It was a noble experiment and it was very probably doomed to fail.

Mr. Becker relates a conversation between Field's cousin, Ronald Tree, and Lord Beaverbrook: "Does he love his newspaper?" Tree's answer, Mr. Becker says, was no. There was too much else to do - committees, trusteeships, directorships, speeches, travel, family.

PM and *The Sun* were New Deal newspapers, but Field never joined the New Deal. He contributed heavily to the Democratic Party beginning in 1936, but his contributions were not rewarded. Roosevelt rejected a suggestion (not from Field) that he be appointed to succeed Joseph Kennedy in London. There was talk of Field as Ambassador to the Soviet Union, but nothing came of it. Though remarkably reticent about interfering in editorial decisions, Field's queasiness about Truman as Roosevelt's successor led him into a nightmarish blunder. When the Republicans won control of Congress in 1946, Field published an editorial, against the advice of his staff, asking Truman to remove Dean Acheson as Secretary of State, consult with the Republicans on a Secretary agreeable to them, resign the Presidency, and let the new Secretary become President. Field's credentials as a liberal were somewhat depreciated, even though the paper (now *The Sun-Times*) supported Truman in 1948.

From this time on, Field devoted himself more and more to affairs outside the newspaper - the presidency of the Child Welfare League, college and university trusteeships, the management of Field Enterprises, Inc., which now owned Pocket Books, Simon and Schuster, *The World Book Encyclopedia*, and the Sunday magazine *Parade*. In 1950, Marshall, Jr., his only son, born to the first of his three wives, was given control of the *Sun-Times*. Field knew that his son was a "conservative" and that the policies of the paper would change, and he relinquished control reluctantly. "True, if Roosevelt or Britain had needed his help," Mr. Becker says, "or if he had known that a man like Adlai Stevenson was to be the Democratic presi-

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"The Good Non-Life"

"For breakfast he has non-caffeine coffee, meatless sausage, and the day's first nicotine-free cigarette. At the office he sits behind his non-working desk—a drawerless, paper-free form intended to look like a coffee table. At home, his wife has her wig, her false eyelashes, and a suntan from a bottle. His children are in school echoing the newest homilies of the teacherless teaching machine. After class his daughter practices the current non-dance, an over-all tremor requiring no movement of the feet. This is today's surrogate world, where man can have his cake substitute (made without butter) and eat it, too."

*From a recent Newsweek column.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?*

Newsweek

dential candidate in 1952, he might have hung on."

In 1952, when *The Sun-Times* supported Eisenhower, Field wrote a letter to the editor expressing his preference for Stevenson. He did not live to see the 1960 campaign. *The Sun-Times* and the recently acquired *Chicago Daily News* supported Nixon.

The New York Times reported Field's death in 1956 on page 29, in one and three quarters columns of space. Earlier in the decade, Hearst's death was worth page one and two full pages inside; Colonel McCormick's death merited page one and an entire page inside.

When Field's will was admitted to probate, it only disclosed assets of more than \$20,000 in both real and personal property. Mr. Becker is vague about the will. There is not a single dollar sign in his discussion of it, which seems rather strange, since Field and Fortune were synonymous. One brief report said the estate was believed to be worth \$150 million, a decline of \$25 million from 1943, when Field received the final portion of his grandfather's estate. Specific bequests included \$30 million to the Field Foundation, and \$1.1 million to his widow. What was left, presumably more than \$100 million, went to Marshall, Jr.

By 1959, Mr. Becker says, "Field Enterprises was one of the two most prosperous privately owned corporations in the United States... a smashing posthumous vindication of Field—of his judgment, his business abilities, and his courage and persistence through the years when he was considered a fuzzy-minded and extravagant radical, instead of the pragmatic liberal he was." Perhaps.

It will be interesting to see what *The Sun-Times* and *The News* do in October. If it is Scranton in San Francisco, there should be no doubt. If it is Goldwater, could the son of Marshall Field III stomach it?

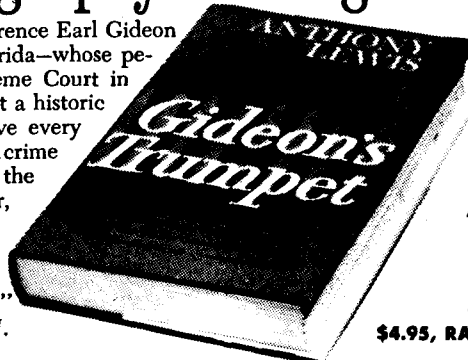
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"There has been entirely too much deliberation and not enough speed," Supreme Court Associate Justice Hugo Black declared last week, almost ten years to the day after the Court ruled public-school segregation unconstitutional and ordered schools to integrate "with all deliberate speed."

What prompted Black's impatience was Prince Edward County, Va., a rolling, tobacco-rich region of 16,000, and its systematic obstruction of the Court's decision.

*Part of a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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Newsweek

War is a Gold Mine

by **Alan Levy**

As Leon Uris's novel of the Berlin Airlift, freighted with a first printing of 85,000 copies, lumbers toward the best-seller runway, it is early 1944. Our hero, Capt. Sean O'Sullivan (who used to box as "Herskowitz, the Battling Yid") awakens in the bed of Mrs. G. Donald Milford, a London matron. His mistress listens, "pleasantly tired from love-making," while Sean tells

Armageddon

by **Leon Uris**

(Doubleday; \$6.95)

of his parents' struggle to put him through college, which "makes me want to hurt you sometimes and all the other Mrs. G. Donald Milfords whose toilets were cleaned by my mother."

Lt. Dante Arosa calls for Sean and drives him to work at the Military Government office. A directory is posted in the anteroom and Leon Uris reproduces it. It fills half a page.

Sean's boss, General Andrew Jackson Hansen, calls him on the carpet. The general objects to Sean's cohabitation with Mrs. Milford. He tells Sean:

"My father's name was Hans Christian Hansen, after the Danish national hero. All of us were named after American heroes... except my sister. She died from diphtheria in one of those damned Iowa winters. God almighty... I'll see my father to my dying day looking over the newly cut corn fields, standing there like a statue... smoke coming from his pipe. He'd look at the leaves turning and put those two big leather hands on my shoulders and wouldn't say much. At Thanksgiving he'd give a toast after he read the Bible and his eyes would fill with tears when he said... God bless America."

Sean make for the door. "By the way," Hansen calls after him, "do something about *that* woman." After the door closes, we learn that General Hansen's "first woman was a hootchy-kootchy dancer who took a fancy to him during

the sophomore vacation. A. J. thought about her on and off for many years." Sean returns to his office and studies a classified list of the Nazi power structure. The list occupies six full pages of *Armageddon*.

The Uris style—epic dialogue, gratuitous sex data, and lists—carries Sean on wings of words through the deaths of both his brothers and on into the captured German city of Rombaden. There Dante Arosa succumbs to the wiles of a Nazi count's wicked daughter. He is caught fraternizing and cohabiting. *Arrivederci, Dante!*

Sean is developing a thing about Germans. But later, in Berlin, he falls in love with a good fraulein. ("Sergeant James played the 'Pathétique' and Sean and Ernestine were given an awareness of each other that said a long dormant awakening was taking place.")

All this is prelude. The Russians tighten their squeeze on Berlin. "If we do leave," says our Berlin commander, General Hansen, "we will pay for it with the blood of unborn generations." As reinforcements are summoned to Berlin, dozens of new names, sex lives, and lists are introduced, the speeches remain the same. It all reads like bad translation.

Integrated Pastime

by Murray Polner

We now know that baseball has its own bureaucracy and parasites, multi-million dollar radio-TV contracts, \$25 million stadiums, reserve clauses, exemption from anti-trust laws and the friendly ear of the daily newspaper. But it's also a romance starring Joe E.

Baseball Has Done It
by Jackie Robinson
edited by Charles Dexter
(Lippincott; \$2.95)

Brown as the farm boy with a great fast ball, William Bendix as the tough catcher with a heart of gold and Edward Arnold as the tough club president with a heart of gold who prefers his players and the game to his bank account. It is Casey At The Bat and Rogers Hornsby who refused to see

any motion picture on the grounds that it might damage his batting eye. Or Ring Lardner's .375 semi-literates sitting between games in big city hotel lobbies chewing gum and staring at nothing. For white boys and men in a white culture it was a perfect world. But then came the Negroes.

In 1887 one of the oldtime idols, Cap Anson, took it upon himself to get Negroes banned from organized baseball. Some twenty-five players were fired and one Weldon Walker was thrown off the Akron, Tri-State League. "I have grievances, sir," he wrote to the league president. "There should be some sounder cause for dismissal, such as the lack of intelligence or misbehavior." The letter was never answered and for the next 60 years no colored player was permitted to sully the purity of the national game.

The story of how all this has changed is told here through taped testimonies of Negro players. The narration is dominated by Jackie Robinson, already a heroic legend, a member of baseball's Hall of Fame, the first Negro in modern times to have broken the color line, a superb hitter, runner and fielder, an angry man, still arrogant, still courageous, and a model for tens of thousands of colored boys who dare to dream of making the big time.

In 1947, Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, carefully selected "a player who would represent the finest qualities of the Negro people and, at the same time, be an athlete of the first water." Robinson was great. In Cincinnati and in St. Louis he "integrated" the team's hotels. "When I heard that Jackie Robinson had broken the color barrier," says Henry Aaron of the Milwaukee Braves, "I got the idea I could play professional baseball. Once one Negro got in, I figured any Negro could play big-league ball."

That they did is evident. Ten years ago the Washington Senators would not admit any Negroes to their hopeless last-place club. No longer. And Negro ballplayers don't all just play ball. Some like Robinson and Curt Flood of the St. Louis Cardinals have gone south to register support for civil rights groups. Monte Irvin of the old New York Giants ran for the New Jersey State Assembly as a Democrat on a

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largely "civil rights" platform in a Republican county (and lost). Billy Bruton of the Detroit Tigers, when he was refused a motel room in southern Wisconsin, telephoned back as *the* Billy Bruton and was effusively if apologetically welcomed. He coldly turned down the offer.

The first Negro to break into the American League, Larry Doby, remembers that "No one made friends with me. I had no roommate on trips. On trains no one invited me to play cards or talk over games. I couldn't stay with the club in the Del Prado Hotel in Chicago. I lived alone...." The road was never easy, and isn't yet, according to this testimony. Negro players are underpaid *because* they are Negroes. Only Willie Mays, says one, earns what he deserves. Earl Battey of the Minnesota Twins regrets that razor blade and shaving cream companies do not yet spread their largesse to colored players.

Henry Aaron of the Braves and Frank Robinson of the Cincinnati Reds believe they are deliberately hit more often by opposing pitchers than their white teammates. Managerial roles, coaching jobs (with one exception), announcing, writing, and umpiring (again, with one or two minor league exceptions) are closed to them. And what continues to hurt most are the humiliations all colored players must put up with in all of the cities and towns they pass through. Amado Samuel, now a New York Met and a Brave in 1963, a native of the Dominican Republic, refused to leave his hotel room at the Braves' Florida training camp. Hector Lopez, a New York Yankee and Panamanian citizen, discovered that his wife was too frightened to remain in the South with him. The progress they have made could never have come about without protest or without the good will of Rickey and the valor of Robinson.

RECORDS**"You Know What Means Andante?"**

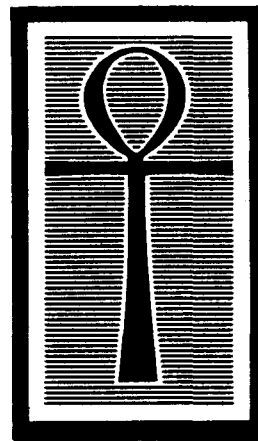
Fritz Reiner's death elicited obituary notices filled with the extravagances of the genre that had no relation to his actual capacities and achievements. They were typified by Alan Rich's *A Titan's Last Bow* in *The New York Herald Tribune*, with its statement that "as an interpreter of the German classics... he was above reproach," which was about an imagined Reiner very different from the real one who gave us performances of the German classics, and of other music in addition, that testified to his impressive technical powers as a conductor but also to his flawed judgment and taste as a musician. The appearance on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2472 of the performances of Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 95 and 101 (*Clock*) that Reiner recorded shortly before his death brought further writing in the same obituary style about the treasurable Reiner legacy preserved on records; but this legacy includes the superbly executed but erratically paced performances of Beethoven's Ninth, Verdi's Requiem, Mahler's

Fourth and Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'Été*. And as for the final Haydn symphonies, Reiner's powers as a conductor are evident in the precision and tonal balance and beauty of the playing he got from the orchestra assembled for the recording sessions; and the Symphony No. 95—possibly the least frequently played of Haydn's great last group of symphonies—is paced and shaped effectively. So with the first movement of No. 101; but not with the Andante

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Albert Goldman teaches English at Columbia. Reed Whittemore will be the next poetry consultant at the Library of Congress. Charles Burton Marshall is the author of *The Limits of Foreign Policy*. John Luskin is on the journalism faculty of the University of Alabama. Murray Polner has written on baseball for several New York dailies. Alan Levy is a free-lance writer.

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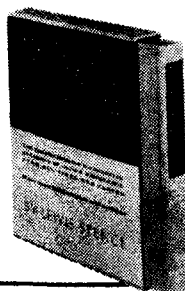
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that follows. "You know what means Andante?" Toscanini used to demand of his orchestra; and perhaps the outstanding piece of evidence of his own understanding of that word was the enchantingly lilting performance of the Andante of the Symphony No. 101 — as against which Reiner's plodding performance reveals his lack not only of understanding of the word but of sensitiveness to the character of the music. And though the minuet movement and finale are damaged less, they don't have the effect that Toscanini's more animated performances imparted to them. In addition Reiner destroys Haydn's little joke at the beginning of the trio of the minuet movement by correcting the incorrect harmony that Haydn carefully wrote in.

The greater animation of Toscanini's performances of the Overtures to Weber's *Oberon*, *Euryanthe* and *Der Freischuetz* and Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* give these works a dramatic urgency and force which they don't have in Klemperer's performances with the superb Philharmonia Orchestra on

Angel 36175 (mono). Only the Overture and Dream Pantomime of Humperdinck's *Haensel und Gretel* are paced effectively on this record.

A year ago I heard of a possibility of the issuing of a recording of the Frick Collection recital in the late 40's at which Szigeti and Schnabel collaborated in a memorable performance of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 96. This recording hasn't materialized; and meanwhile Vanguard has issued on the four records of VRS-1109/12 (mono only) the performances of all ten Beethoven violin sonatas by Szigeti and Arrau at the Library of Congress in the early 40's. I hunted through the records for Op. 96; and listening with eager anticipation I was dismayed to hear the graceless, wooden, ponderous playing of Arrau, which the poorly balanced recording thrust into preponderance. And just as Szigeti's playing in the Frick performance represented his response to the stimulation of Schnabel, his pallid playing in the Vanguard performance represented the dampening influence of Arrau. Op. 23 and Op. 30

Nos. 1 and 3 were more acceptable; and Op. 47 (*Kreutzer*) brought the exciting surprise of the incandescent playing that Szigeti's own emotion of the moment stimulated him to do (I must report a splicing error that repeats part of one measure in the second movement. What with Arrau's playing and the dim recorded sound, I would say the Grumiaux-Haskil performances of these sonatas are still the ones to acquire or hold onto.

In Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, written when he was twenty-one, his melodic style doesn't yet achieve the incandescent writing of the arias of *The Barber of Seville* and *La Cenerentola*; but he is already capable of the delightful comic writing of the duet "*Se inclinassi a prender moglie*," the quintet "*Ti presento di mia man*," the ensembles of the first-act finale. The performance on London A-4375 and OSA-1375 offers the work almost complete and with the lovely voice and enchanting style of Berganza in the title role; but neither Alva nor Corena can sing his florid passages accurately. In this respect the earlier performance on Angel 3529 (mono only) is superior, with the superb singing not only of Simionato but of Valletti, and the agreeable voice and accurate singing of Petri; and it offers in addition the lightness, sharpness and refinement of the performance conducted by Giulini, as against the coarser-grained one conducted by Varviso on the London records. These superiorities, for me, outweigh the fact that more of the work is cut in the Angel performance, which, I should add, is reproduced with admirable clarity and tonal beauty.

To those who heard Friedrich Schorr's Hans Sachs in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, and those who missed it, Angel COLH-137 offers most of the excerpts he recorded between 1927 and 1931: from Act 2 Sachs' monologue, his conversation with Eva (Goeta Ljungberg) and the later "*Jerum! Jerum!*"; from Act 3 Sachs' "*Wahn! Wahn!*," his conversation with Walther (Rudolf Laubenthal), the dictation of the later stanzas of Walther's song (with Melchior), the baptism of the song, the Quintet (with Elisabeth Schumann and Melchior), Sachs' "*Euch macht ihr's leicht*" and his "*Verachtet*

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

Depth vs. Breadth

He can discuss with intelligence the complexities of the quantum theory. He can discourse at length about the ethics of Thomistic philosophy. He can dissect with sophistication the techniques of the imagist poets. Well-rounded and well-versed in a number of academic subjects, he is, by the precepts of American higher education, the ideal college graduate. He is also largely a myth.

Actually, today's college students have enough trouble keeping up with their own specialties . . .

*Part of a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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How to
Conjecture
Art
and not be a
Wise-Guy

The Gag
about
Art Being
Immortal

One look at these two eye-openers and you're in a new world. They're as different from the conventional sentimentalities about art as the Space Age is from the Dark Age.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

Where else, for example, would you find a candid (and obviously true) statement such as that expressed in the famous Stork Cartoon? Where else would you find it even hinted that if the Parthenon were scattered broadside over the landscape it might no longer be hailed as an "immortal masterpiece" and actually become a bore? Practical considerations such as these are rigorously ignored by the orthodox art critic because, once they are taken into account, his authority to deliver positive and eternal verdicts is completely destroyed. They become ridiculous.

Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can under the circumstances. It's the tough-minded, rational method rather than the flashy, "mystic" method. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning toward the experienced but temporary Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves—although they very clearly demonstrate how and why Conjecturism is superseding Positivism (or Wise-Guyism) both here and abroad they can only serve as introductions to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading we suggest (on the same free trial terms) the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

Conjecturism is the modern approach to art

• Read What the Authorities Say •

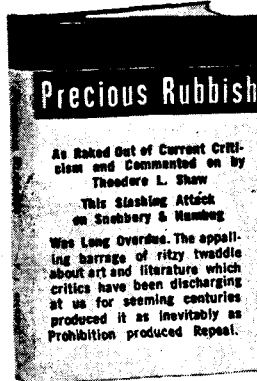
Within five minutes after receiving PRECIOUS RUBBISH I had decided it was just the thing for my aesthetics course.—Scott E. Crom, Asst. Prof. of Philosophy, Beloit College.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH, which I promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies.—John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne Univ.

What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes. It's a lulu.—Conrad Aiken.

Expresses to a "T" my every thought. I think it's great. Nicola Zirolli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

I loved it—gave three critics one copy each—they loved it. "Lost is he who hath no humor."—Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.

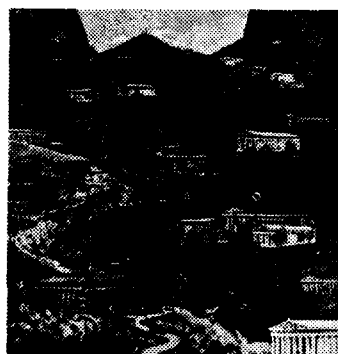


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The Famous Stork Cartoon

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

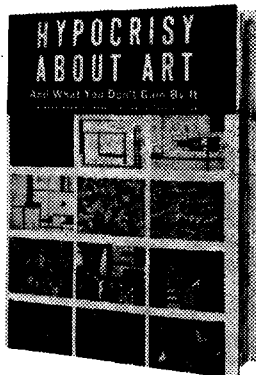


Shaw, in HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying pre-suppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness.

At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in "Estimating Speeds of Tiring." To the literary gems he analyzes in Yojimbo fashion, he adds his own alternatives to such "immortal" paintings as the Lascaux Cave Paintings, Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio," and Seurat's "La Grande Jatte." His chapter entitled "The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg" is far too delicious to miss.

A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brief hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of satori. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables.

Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College.



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mir die Meister nicht." Except for the last excerpt and the even less interesting conversation with Walther, these are some of the best passages in the work, enlivened by Schorr's sensitive use of his fine voice and Schumann's and Melchior's beautiful singing in the historic performance of the Quintet. And it is regrettable that the uninteresting Sachs-Walther conversation, with the wooden-voiced Laubenthal, occupies the space that should have been given to the exquisite "*Sieh, Evchen! daecht' ich doch,*" of which Schorr and Rethberg recorded a beautiful performance.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

What Bail is All About

Sirs:

One of the points made by Ronald Goldfarb in "The Great Bail Scandal" (June 6) was that bail is often requested by prosecutors and set by magistrates intentionally high, so high as to become a measure for keeping people in jail rather than allowing them the freedom they deserve until their trial. Just a few days after the article appeared an example of this took place.

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Julian Beck and Judith Malina, two theater producer-directors, recently appealed jail terms of 60 and 30 days respectively. These terms were the result of a trial for impeding federal officers who were trying to close down their Living Theater for nonpayment of taxes. When the question of bail was raised, pending an appeal, Peter Leisure, the prosecuting attorney, said, "The government would ask for sufficient [?] bail. The government would ask \$15,000 bail for each defendant." The judge set bail at \$1000 and \$500 respectively. Still a little high, but nothing like \$15,000 each.

We seem to have lost sight of what bail is all about. The government seems to need some educating, too.

Kim A. Boriskin
Burlington, Vermont

Dial Your Party Line

Sirs:

The "Dial Your Party Line" note (June 27) was accurate in guessing that Boulder, Colorado's, "Let Freedom Ring" telephone blurbs probably can be heard in other cities as well. From Knoxville, Tennessee, I dialed 1-303-444-2213 and heard Freedom's voice Ring a tune linking General Eisenhower with a Communist ghostwriter, anti-McCarthyism, Eleanor Roosevelt, liberals, radicals, and the Stop-Goldwater movement.

Birt E. Waite
Knoxville, Tenn.

In Sarasota, Florida one can get a taped telephone message from "Let Freedom Ring" by dialing 924-1311. The address of the organization is 6916 Point of Rocks Road and most of the messages are recorded by William Campbell Douglass, M.D.

Sarasota also is host to a cell of "Project Alert" and a very active Americanism Committee of the American Legion. As the former Chairman of the Sarasota County School Board and the former Chairman of the Board of Trustees of New College, Sarasota, I have run afoul of all of these organizations. I would be very much interested in any information from other communities with "Let Freedom Ring" or "Project Alert" connections.

Philip H. Hiss
Sarasota, Florida

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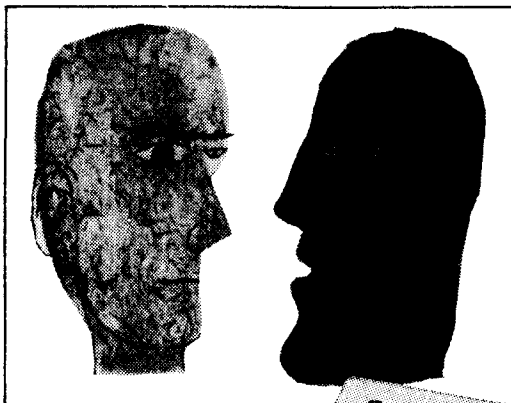
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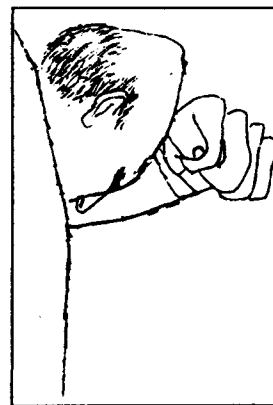
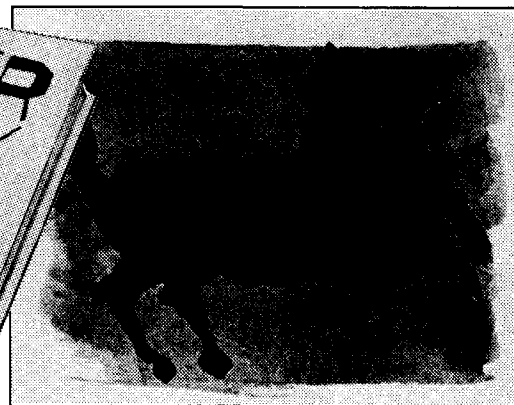
Remembering the day after President Kennedy's funeral... November Twenty-Six Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Three! It is the day after "the bugle and the rifles, the mourners turning away." But in our hearts we still grieve, feeling "the winter earth upon the body of the young president," remembering "the young dead body carried in the earth, into the first deep night of its absence." ● In New York, a young poet from Kentucky writes of his loss—of all our loss; his name, Wendell Berry. In New Jersey, a noted artist reads the poet's words and is profoundly moved; his name, Ben Shahn. And from this unpremeditated meeting of hearts and minds, a book is born, entitled simply: NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIX NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-THREE. ● This unique, this beautiful book—at the very least a collector's item—is now available. Each right hand page contains a stanza of Mr. Berry's memorable poem, in Ben Shahn's own unexcelled calligraphy. And facing each stanza is a new Ben Shahn drawing inspired by the poem, while the book itself, designed by the artist, is enclosed in a lovely slip case.



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